

AD No 7.3.29.

T H R E E
HISTORIES.

V I Z.

I. OROONOKO : Or, The
Royal Slave.

II. The FAIR JILT : Or,
Tarquin and Miranda.

III. AGNES *de* CASTRO :
Or, The Force of Ge-
nerous Love.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Canning*, at his Shop
in the *Temple-Cloysters*. 1688.

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OROONOKO:

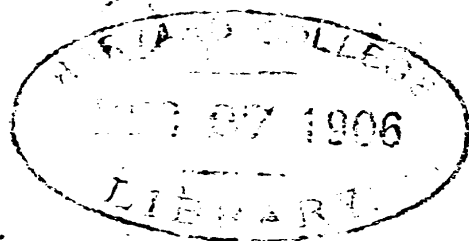
OR, THE
Royal Slave.

A TRUE
HISTORY.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Will. Canning*, at his Shop in
the *Temple-Cloysters*. 1688.



TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
Lord MAITLAND.

My Lord ,

S*Ince the World is grown
so Nice and Critical up-
on Dedications , and will
Needs be Judging the Book ,
by the Wit of the Patron ; we
ought , with a great deal of
Circumspection, to chuse a Per-
son against whom there can be*

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no Exception ; and whose Wit, and Worth, truly Merits all that one is capable of saying upon that Occasion.

*The most part of Dedications are charg'd with Flattery ; and if the World knows a Man has some Vices, they will not allow one to speak of his Virtues. This, my Lord, is for want of thinking Rightly ; if Men wou'd consider with Reason, they wou'd have another sort of Opinion, and Esteem of Dedications ; and wou'd believe almost every Great Man has enough to make him Worthy of all that can be said of him there. My Lord, a Picture-drawer, when he intends to make a good Picture, essays the Face many Ways, and in
many*

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many Lights, before he begins ; that he may chuse, from the several turns of it, which is most Agreeable, and gives it the best Grace ; and if there be a Scar, an ungrateful Mole, or any little Defect, they leave it out ; and yet make the Picture extreamly like : But he who has the good Fortune to draw a Face that is exactly Charming in all its Parts and Features, what Colours or Agreements can be added to make it Finer ? All that he can give is but its due ; and Glories in a Piece whose Original alone gives it its Perfection. An ill Hand may diminish, but a good Hand cannot augment its Beauty. A Poet is a Painter in his

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way ;

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way ; he draws to the Life , but in another kind ; we draw the Nobler part, the Soul and Mind ; the Pictures of the Pen shall out-last those of the Pencil , and even Worlds themselves. 'Tis a short Chronicle of those Lives that possibly wou'd be forgotten by other Historians, or lye neglected there, however deserving an immortal Fame ; for Men of eminent Parts are as Exemplary as even Monarchs themselves ; and Virtue is a noble Lesson to be learn'd , and 'tis by Comparison we can Judge and Chuse. 'Tis by such illustrious Presidents, as your Lordship, the World can be Better'd and Refin'd ; when a great part of the lazy Nobility

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lity shall, with Shame , behold the admirable Accomplishments of a Man so Great , and so Young.

Your Lordship has Read innumerable Volumes of Men , and Books ; not Vainly for the gust of Novelty, but Knowledge, excellent Knowledge : Like the industrious Bee , from every Flower you return Laden with the precious Dew , which you are sure to turn to the Publick Good. You board no one Perfection , but lay it all out in the Glorious Service of your Religion and Country ; to both which you are a useful and necessary Honour : They both want such Supporters ; and 'tis only Men of so elevated Parts,
and

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*and fine Knowledge ; such noble Principles of Loyalty and Religion this Nation Sighs for. Where shall we find a Man so Young, like St. Augustine, in the midst of all his Youth and Gaiety, Teaching the World divine Precepts, true Notions of Faith, and Excellent Morality, and, at the same time, be also a perfect Pattern of all that accomplish a Great Man? You have, my Lord, all that refin'd Wit that Charms, and the Affability that Obliges ; a Generosity that gives a Lustre to your Nobility ; that Hospitality, and Greatness of Mind, that engages the World ; and that admirable Conduct, that so
well*

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*well Instructs it. Our Nation ought to regret and bemoan their Misfortunes, for not being able to claim the Honour of the Birth of a Man who is so fit to serve his Majesty, and his Kingdoms, in all Great and Publick Affairs : And to the Glory of your Nation be it spoken, it produces more considerable Men, for all fine Sence, Wit, Wisdom, Breeding, and Generosity (for the generality of the Nobility) than all other Nations can Boast ; and the Fruitfulness of your Virtues sufficiently make amends for the Barrenness of your Soil ; Which however cannot be incommode to your Lordship ; since your Quality, and the
Vere-*

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Veneration that the Commonalty naturally pay their Lords, creates a flowing Plenty there--- that makes you Happy. And to compleat your Happiness, my Lord, Heaven has blest you with a Lady, to whom it has given all the Graces, Beauties, and Virtues of her Sex; all the Youth, Sweetness of Nature; of a most illustrious Family; and who is a most rare Example to all Wives of Quality, for her eminent Piety, Easiness, and Condescension; and as absolutely merits Respect from all the World, as she does that Passion and Resignation she receives from your Lordship; and which is, on her part, with so much Tender-

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derness return'd. Methinks your tranquil Lives are an Image of the new Made and Beautiful Pair in Paradise: And 'tis the Prayers and Wishes of all, who have the Honour to know you, that it may Eternally so continue, with Additions of all the Blessings this World can give you.

*My Lord, the Obligations I have to some of the Great Men of your Nation, particularly to your Lordship, gives me an Ambition of making my Acknowledgments, by all the Opportunities I can; and such humble Fruits, as my Industry produces, I lay at your Lordships Feet. This is a
true*

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true Story, of a Man Gallant enough to merit your Protection ; and, had he always been so Fortunate, he had not made so Inglorious an end : The Royal Slave I had the Honour to know in my Travels to the other World ; and though I had none above me in that Country, yet I wanted power to preserve this Great Man. If there be any thing that seems Romantick, I beseech your Lordship to consider, these Countries do, in all things, so far differ from ours, that they produce unconceivable Wonders ; at least, they appear so to us, because New and Strange. What I have mention'd I have taken care shou'd be

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be Truth, let the Critical Reader judge as he pleases. 'Twill be no Commendation to the Book, to assure your Lordship I writ it in a few Hours, though it may serve to Excuse some of its Faults of Connexion ; for I never rested my Pen a Moment for Thought : 'Tis purely the Merit of my Slave that must render it worthy of the Honour it begs ; and the Author of that of Subscribing herself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd

and obedient Servant,

A. BEHN.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Royal Slave.

I Do not pretend, in giving you the History of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poets Pleasure; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it with any Accidents, but such as arriv'd in earnest to him: And it shall come
B simply

simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was my self an Eye-Witness, to a great part, of what you will find here set down; and what I cou'd not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth; and though I shall omit, for Brevity's sake, a thousand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute,

new

new and strange: But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *West-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new Colonies; for those they make use of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for those we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, caress 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with em for their Fish, Venison, Buffaloes, Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmosets, a sort of Monkey as

big

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big as a Rat or Weefel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, and has Face and Hands like an Humane Creature: and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the form and fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but so exactly made in all parts like that noble Beast, that it is it in *Minature*: Then for little *Parakeetoes*, great Parrots, *Muckaws*, and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some threescore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at His Majesty's *Antiquaries*: Where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by my self; some as big as my Fist, some less; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot

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cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality; and were unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature, and some of Art; as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, &c. We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin,
B 3 Brass,

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Brass, or Silver, beat thin; and any shining Trincket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste; and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold.

(7)

behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extream modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes; there being nothing to heighten Curiosity, but all you can see, you

see at once, and every Moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present; or rather, as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive

sive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquillity, they possess by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a Day to 'em, and neither came, nor sent; believing, when once a Man's Word was past, nothing but Death cou'd or shou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they saw, he was not dead, they ask'd him, what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a man, was a *Liar*, which was

was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a Native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men*. They have Plurality of Wives, which, when they grow old, they serve those that succeed 'em, who are young; but with a Servitude easie and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has lead them on to Battel with Conduct, and Success; of whom I shall have Occasion to speak more

more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behooves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supply us with what 'tis impossible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Savanna's*, in Hunting, supply the parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable places; and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts: But in the water, one would think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep;

Deep ; so rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almost Living in Water ; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting ; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows ; and have so admirable an Aim, that they will split almost an Hair ; and at any distance that an Arrow can reach, they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Points, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all Occasions, very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to caress 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves ; nor dare we do other, their Numbers so far surpassing ours in that *Continent*.

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Those then whom we make use of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black-Slaves* altogether ; which are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Master, or Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for em when they shall be deliver'd on such a Plantation : So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have so contracted, go a-board, and receive their Number by Lot ; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men ; the rest, Women and Children : Or be there more or less of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

Cora-

Coramantien, a Country of Blacks so called, was one of those places in which they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves; and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battel, were sold as Slaves; at least, those common Men who could not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the profit; and of these Generals, our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himself a Man of a Hundred and odd

odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black-Wives*; for most certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of which died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of these dead Victors; who, as soon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field, to be trained up by one of the oldest Generals, to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of Seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers, that ever saw
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the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he strook an Awe and Reverence, even in those that knew not his Quality; as he did in me, who beheld him with Surprise and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had scarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant Moor call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpose to receive it in his own Body,

Body rather than it shou'd touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd General in the old Man's place; and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity; or, to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refin'd Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost

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continually fighting Men, or those mangl'd, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but those of War and Groans: Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *French* Man of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good Account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, & perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extreamly belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, He lov'd, when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and convers'd with this great Man, and been a
Witness

Witness to many of his mighty Actions; and do assure my Reader, the most Illustrious Courts could not have produc'd a braver Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of, and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Sense, and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extream good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points address'd himself, as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extream Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I cou'd talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surpriz'd when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and address'd himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fancy'd: The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or polish'd Jett. His Eyes were the most
awful

awful that cou'd be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the finest shap'd that cou'd be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so noble, and exactly form'd, that, bating his Colour, there cou'd be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty: His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art; which was, by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of

those of his Person ; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject ; and who-ever had heard him speak, wou'd have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the *White Men*, especially to those of *Christendom* ; and wou'd have confess'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as sensible of Power as any Prince civiliz'd in the most refin'd Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the most Illustrious Courts.

This Prince, such as I have describ'd him, whose Soul and Body were so admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather) as I said, as capable of Love, as 'twas possible for a brave and gallant Man to be ;
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and in saying that, I have nam'd the highest Degree of Love ; for sure, great Souls are most capable of that Passion.

I have already said, the old General was kill'd by the shot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battel ; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead *Hero* had one only Daughter left of his Race ; a Beauty that, to describe her truly, one need say only, she was Female to the noble Male ; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars* ; as charming in her Person as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have seen an hundred *White Men* sighing after her, and making a thousand Vows at her Feet, all vain, and unsuccessful : And she was, indeed, too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the Occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of
this

this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be subdu'd. So that having made his first Complements, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

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51 The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before ; and though he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid ; insomuch that, even in the Presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her : So that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whisperers, but *Imoinda ! Imoinda !*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit ; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and
so

so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women ; but (to use his own Words) he said, Most happily, some new, and till then unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the same time, in favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a Sense of his Passion. She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before : Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him ; but turn'd all his happy Moments to the best advantage ; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a distinction may be made in Love ; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many
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as they can maintain ; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Misery : Such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian-Countries*, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion ; and, without Virtue or Morality, think that's sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those Professors ; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such ; but, contrary to the Custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she shou'd be the only woman he wou'd possess while he liv'd ; that no Age or Wrinkles shou'd incline him to change, for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young ; and he shou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore,

bore, and shou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband ; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greatest Honour the Gods cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these Cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask him how perform'd ; but 'twas concluded on both sides, that, in Obedience to him, the Grand-father was to be first made acquainted with the Design : for they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many
Con-

Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate in his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he cou'd but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought

brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some *Shagrien*; however, it gave him also an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who shou'd go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he shou'd then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Message she wou'd return the Prince for his Present; and from thence gather the state of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happiness, but found he shou'd have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart; for she express'd

press'd her Sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be dissembl'd; insomuch that 'twas past doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some Affliction; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they pay'd their Gods: And what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation; he sends the Lady, he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is cover'd, and secur'd for the King's Use; and 'tis Death to disobey; besides, held a most impious Disobedience. 'Tis

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprise and Grief that seiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these Cases are dangerous; and Pleading worse than Treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer her self to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sat under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd for Virgin; whom he having commanded shou'd be brought to him, they (after dis-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in
D Tears,

Tears, threw her self on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and besought him to hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodness, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: So she believ'd she shou'd be the Occasion of making him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, she was another's, and cou'd not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. Imoinda, seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble; whether

whether with Age, or Anger, I know not; but she fancy'd the last, almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the Storm wou'd fall on the Prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmness; but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but wou'd not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer her self to receive his Caresses; or, by his Gods, he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name shou'd die, though it were even Oroonoko himself. *Therefore (said he) deny this Marriage, and swear thy self a Maid. That (reply'd Imoinda) by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough (said the King;) 'tis enough*

to *satisfie both my Conscience, and my Heart.* And rising from his Seat, he went, and led her into the Bath ; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to visit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone ; and not only so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm ; and in his Madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent Hands on himself. Force first prevail'd, and then Reason : They urg'd all to him, that might oppose his Rage ; but nothing weigh'd so greatly with him as the King's Old Age incapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, because it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his Heart. Yet this
serv'd

serv'd not altogether to make him cease his different Passions, which sometimes rag'd within him, and sometimes softned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his Grand-father was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no Cause to sigh and mourn for the Loss of a Mistress, he cou'd not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *O my Friends ! were she in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greatest Strength ; did Incantments or Monsters detain her from me, I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her : But here, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade*

in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing : Imoinda is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch'd by the cold Arms of Death : Oh ! she is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate shou'd bow the old King to his Grave ; even that wou'd not leave me Imoinda free ; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Mistresses, wou'd hinder my Happiness ; unless I wou'd either ignobly set an ill Precedent to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World, who never heard our Story.

But it was objected to him, that his Case was not the same ; for Imoinda being his lawful Wife, by solemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he so pleas'd, take Imoinda back, the Breach

Breach of the Law being on his Grand-father's side ; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This Reasoning had some force upon him, and he shou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that she was possess'd by his Grand-father. However, he lov'd so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope ; and to endeavour to learn from Imoinda's own Mouth, what only she cou'd satisfy him in ; whether she was robb'd of that Blessing, which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when

the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives, or Mistresses; and 'twas Death at any other time, for any other to go in; so he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubl'd for having been forc'd by an irresistible Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extreamly dear to him, since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen; and had besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found that, however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she cou'd

cou'd only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear speaking of him, though her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young *Hero*, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him, without offending; and this Condescension in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself; and those of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Virtues

ruers of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his Service ; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King ; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern, and Content, her Heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears. What

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justify as far as possibly he cou'd by his Actions ; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart : So that in a little time the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistress. But as soon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determin'd Resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood ; and had certainly done so, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man, who was next to him ; which, with his Change of Countenance,

tenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those, who laugh when one says, *A Negro can change Colour* ; for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain that both these Changes were evident, this Day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Caress, with which she met him ; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had time to tell the Prince with her angry,
but

but Love-darting Eyes, that she resented his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd hers again, as much as Eyes could do, instructed by the most tender, and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd : And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted, but she was the only Delight, and the Darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other ; that they both found, there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal*, a former old Wife of
the

the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*; and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King; who immediately lead the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repose. What Rage! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to suffer without Noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thousand Pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans; where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long time, and only breathing now and then, -- *O Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finish'd her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth to wait, till the King call'd; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room,

Room, she pass'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid: She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*. She told him, he had not so much Cause as he imagin'd, to afflict himself; for if he knew the King so well as she did, he wou'd not lose a Moment in Jealousie, and that she was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Abaan* was of the same Opinion; and both together, perswaded him to re-assume his Courage; and all sitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half perswaded her to be of his Party. And she promis'd him, she wou'd thus far comply with his just Desires, that she wou'd

wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King call'd, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assum'd a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his Circumstances cou'd do; and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so passing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Present, ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charm'd with the
new

new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair One: And while he gaz'd, and she danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians, or Governants to the new, and the young Ones; and whose Business it was, to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of those Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and
E Beauty

Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass were regardless by, and pay'd only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining Charms, that were once ador'd ; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid a Claim; to hear 'em whisper as she passes by, *That once was a delicate Woman.* These abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Despights, and Decays of Time, on these flourishing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he shou'd never prevail with *Onahal*, to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man
extreamly

extreamly well made, and beautiful ; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in Love : And though she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sence and Wit ; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan's* Youth ; so that he took pleasure in entertaining her with Discourses of Love. He knew also, that to make his Court to these She-Favourites, was the way to be great ; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observ'd that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than she had done to others of his Quality : And now, when he saw that her Favour cou'd so absolutely oblige the Prince, he
E 2 fail'd

fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all soft upon her, and give her Hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him ; but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Conversation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoin-da*. The Prince was overjoy'd with this good News, and besought him, if it were possible, to caress her so, as to engage her entirely ; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires : For then (said the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my*
Behalf.

Behalf. *Aboan* understood him ; and assur'd him, he would make Love so effectually, that he wou'd defie the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he dissembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy : So that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoin-da* ; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being so happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore, that he expected the next Visit the King wou'd make ; and, according to his Wish, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover cou'd spy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they observ'd it: So that the Prince was hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he shou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onabal*, that she, deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Postures the Women

Royal

Royal made, to divert the King, *Onabal* sing'd out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her Wish. When she had him where she believ'd she cou'd not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, *Ah, Aboan! When will you be sensible of my Passion? I confess it with my Mouth, because I would not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confess'd my Flame: Nor would I have you believe, that because I am the abandon'd Mistress of a King, I esteem myself altogether divested of Charms. No, Aboan; I have still a Rest of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have Lovers still, but will have none but Aboan. Madam (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) you have already, by my Eyes, found, you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me,*

E 4 you

you condescend to this kind Confession,
 But, *Madam*, Words are us'd to be so
 small a part of our Country-Courtship,
 that 'tis rare one can get so happy an
 Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and
 those few Minutes we have are forc'd
 to be snatch'd for more certain Proofs of
 Love, than speaking and sighing; and
 such I languish for.

He spoke this with such a Tone,
 that she hop'd it true, and cou'd
 not forbear believing it; and being
 wholly transported with Joy, for
 having subdu'd the finest of all the
 King's Subjects to her Desires, she
 took from her Ears two large
 Pearls, and commanded him to
 wear 'em in his. He wou'd have
 refus'd 'em, crying, *Madam*, these
 are not the Proofs of your Love that I
 expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-
 hour only, that can make me happy.
 But forcing the Pearls into his
 Hand,

Hand, she whisper'd softly to him,
 Ob! Do not fear a Woman's Invention,
 when Love sets her a-thinking. And
 pressing his Hand, she cry'd, This
 Night you shall be happy. Come to the
 Gate of the Orange-Groves, behind the
 Otan; and I will be ready, about
 Mid-night, to receive you. 'Twas
 thus agreed, and she left him, that
 no notice might be taken of their
 speaking together.

The Ladies were still dancing,
 and the King, laid on a Carpet,
 with a great deal of pleasure, was
 beholding them, especially *Imoin-
 da*; who that Day appear'd more
 lovely than ever, being enliven'd
 with the good Tidings *Onahal* had
 brought her of the constant Passion
 the Prince had for her. The
 Prince was laid on another Carpet,
 at the other end of the Room,
 with his Eyes fix'd on the Object
 of

of his Soul ; and as she turn'd, or mov'd, so did they ; and she alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions : Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Use, than in beholding with infinite Pleasure the Joy she produc'd in those of the Prince. But while she was more regarding him , than the Steps she took, she chanc'd to fall ; and so near him, as that leaping with extream force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as she fell ; and 'twas visible to the whole Presence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her : He clasp'd her close to his Bosom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Mistress of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldness of this nature ; and had not the Presence of Mind of *Imoinda* (sonder of his Safety, than her own)

own) befriended him, in making her spring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that Instant, met his Death ; for the old King, jealous to the last degree, rose up in Rage, broke all the Diversion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and sent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp ; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he shou'd suffer the Death ordain'd for disobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whose unseasonable Transport and Caress of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him ; and now he perceiv'd his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for such another Moment, he wou'd be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in disorder about this Accident ; and *Onabat* was

was particularly concern'd, because on the Prince's Stay depended her Happiness ; for she cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e'er they departed, they contriv'd it so, that the Prince and he shou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons ; and that there they shou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night ; leaving the King in possession of the lovely Maid. But nothing cou'd appease the Jealousie of the old Lover : He wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a false Step on purpose to fall into *Oroonoko's* Bosom, and that all things look'd like a Design on both sides, and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence : He was old and obstinate, and left her more than

than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unpreparing for the Campaign ; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and answer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealousie of the King, and he commanded that they shou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions ; and that he shou'd not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other shou'd be employ'd to watch him : So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron Grove ; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very

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very Gate of the *Otan* ; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda* ; who, not knowing any thing of her Happiness, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the best of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own ; where he shew'd the height of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he suffer'd himself to be caress'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince softly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little surpriz'd with Joy to find him there ; and yet she trembl'd with a thousand Fears. I believe, he omitted saying nothing to this young Maid,
that

that might perswade her to suffer him to seize his own, and take the Rights of Love ; and I believe she was not long resisting those Arms, where she so long'd to be ; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Desire, he soon prevail'd ; and ravish'd in a Moment, what his old Grand-father had been endeavouring for so many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of these two young Lovers ; nor the Vows she made him, that she remain'd a spotless Maid, till that Night ; and that what she did with his Grand-father, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Justice, having reserv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impossible to express the Transports
he

he suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming, from her lov'd Lips; and clasp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languish'd; and nothing now afflicted him, but his suddain Departure from her; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands; but shou'd depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he wou'd be less able to injure him; so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another: He believ'd her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conquest. of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour
of

of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been spar'd here, though desir'd, and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battel-Ax he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not so much leisure, as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himself against some who were already opening the Door;
F which

which they did with so much Violence, that Oroonoko was not able to defend it ; but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldness to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, that I, the Prince Oroonoko, will revenge it with the certain Death of him that first enters : Therefore stand back, and know, this place is sacred to Love, and me this Night ; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv'd and assur'd, that they soon retir'd from the Door, but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come ; and being satisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd by thy Friends.*

At these Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad Leave of his *Imoinda* ; who trusting in the strength of her Charms, believ'd she shou'd appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, She was surpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp ; and with much a-do, prevail'd on him to go : Nor was it she alone that prevail'd, *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assur'd him of a Lye that shou'd be well enough contriv'd to secure *Imoinda*. So that, at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda* with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness and Perfidy, and threatening her Royal Lover, she fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, cou'd testifie: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravish'd her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she shou'd feign this Falsity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that wou'd stand by him, against any Injuries that shou'd assault him. However,

this

this last Thought of *Imoinda*'s being ravish'd, chang'd the Measures of his Revenge; and whereas before he design'd to be himself her Executioner, he now resolv'd she shou'd not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in nature amongst em to touch a Woman, after having been possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother; so now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he resign her to his Grand-son, because she had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into safe Hands, with Order they shou'd be both sold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Christian*, or *Heathen*; 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they implor'd, might be revers'd ; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly , and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either without, or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Ablence, or their Destiny.

The old King , nevertheless, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy ; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolv'd, and had perform'd what he resolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjust ; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds, (as they call the unknown Power) shou'd suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd ; and

to say, he had Reason for what he did : And now every Body cou'd assure the King, how passionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince ; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne ; and looking on this as a Man disoblig'd, first by the Rape of his Mistrels, or rather, Wife ; and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself, or his old Grand-father, the Offender ; he began to repent him extreamly of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides, he consider'd he ought in

Honour to have kill'd her, for this Offence, if it had been one : He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death ; and not to have sold her like a common Slave, the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any ; and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and implore it ; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him ; and to that End he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief ; but that by no means he shou'd tell him, she was sold, but secretly put to death ;
for

for he knew he shou'd never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of Engaging with the Enemy ; but as soon as he heard of the Arrival of the Messenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy ; which was soon abated, by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko*, who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath ; and all concerning *Imoinda* : But there needed little Return, for he cou'd almost answer himself of all he demanded, from his Sighs and Eyes. At last, the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's Feet, and kissing them, with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore
which

which he dreaded to utter, he besought him to hear with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and Heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. Oroonoko reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice,--*I am arm'd against their worst Efforts-----; for I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more----*; and after that, you may spare the rest. Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavillion, and remain'd a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger ask'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embassy, which the Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee---* Then he told him the Affliction
the

the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not restore him, but might recompence him in Glory, which he begg'd he wou'd pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, wou'd soon even the Account between him, and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjusted between them; if there were, 'twas he was the Aggressor, and that Death wou'd be just, and, maugre his Age, wou'd see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of
Glory

Glory to Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that Favour from the Gods. That henceforth he wou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow; but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grand-father had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence, and Beauty.

After having spoken this, what ever his greatest Officers, and Men of the best Rank cou'd do, they cou'd not raise him from the Carpet, or perswade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavillion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage; and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief
of

of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much a-do to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications but this, That he had now no more Business for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care. *Go, (continu'd he, sighing) and divide it amongst you; and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They then demanded what they shou'd do, and whom he
wou'd

wou'd constitute in his Room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, He wou'd not give himself the Trouble---; but wish'd 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, O my Friends (said he!) it is not Titles make Men brave, or good; or Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold Oroonoko, the most wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himself about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces, and ominous Looks, that presag'd

presag'd no good Luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take Possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were assur'd by some, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they shou'd be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Resistance; and at last, down-right, fled before the Enemy, who pursu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan's* Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a Manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind, about

about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in great Disorder, made such Out-cries as rous'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Sustenance to approach him : But, in spite of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Instant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd, --*Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest Way; and 'twill be more like Oroonoko to encounter him at an Army's Head, opposing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleasure, and die every Moment by a thousand wrecking Thought; or be tamely taken by an*
Enemy,

Enemy, and led a whining, Love-sick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had prescrib'd him.

While he was speaking, he suffer'd his People to dress him for the Field; and sallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew'd, he appear'd like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction; and his People had purposely put him on all things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believ'd that Humane
 G Strength

Strength cou'd perform ; and such as soon inspir'd all the rest with new Courage, and new Order : And now it was, that they began to fight indeed ; and so, as if they wou'd not be out-done, even by their ador'd *Hero* ; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest ; and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him Prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gailant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts ; so that he never put him amongst the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without distinction, for the common Sale, or Market ; but kept him
in

in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner, but the Name, and return'd no more into his own Country, so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko* ; and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment ; which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning ; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French*-Man was banish'd out of his own Country, for some Heretical Notions he held ; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he
G 2 had

had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoa*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they spent some time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than enter into a Place, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a Loss. The Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perswasions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that Shagreen, and Torture of Despair,

spair, which the first Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him: In so much as having receiv'd a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd, though with no little Reluctancy; and when he did so, there was a visible Change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time lessens all Extreams, and reduces 'em to *Mediums* and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Designs.

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy

and Magnificence that cou'd be express'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *English* Ship.

This Person had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address, and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially

especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he cou'd. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Discourses and Instruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with so much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted, but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain,

in Return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence, some Day or other, to Dinner, before he should set Sail ; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a Readiness, in the most magnificent Order he cou'd possibly : And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cushions, row'd to the Shoar to receive the Prince ; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extreamly delighted ; who met him on the Shoar, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court :

Court : And after they had first carry'd the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off ; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all sorts of fine Wines ; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and several Sorts of Wine, as did all the rest (for great Care was taken, they shou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before ; so that he was curious of beholding every place, where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleasure *Foxe* and *Ast*, as their Fancies guided 'em : So that the Captain, who had well

well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests ; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down in the Hold, to view that part of the Vessel ; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest ; and all in one Instant, in several places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands to work to hoise Sail ; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind, they made from the Shoar with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave, in the Captain ; but I will spare my Sence of it, and leave it to my Reader, to judge as he pleases.

It

It may be easily guess'd, in what manner the Prince resented this Indignity, who may be best resembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil ; so he rag'd, so he struggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain ; and they had so wisely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not use a Hand in his Defence, to quit himself of a Life that wou'd by no Means endure Slavery ; nor cou'd he move from the Place, where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the Ship, against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that way : So that being deprived of all other means, he resolv'd to perish for want of Food : And pleas'd at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tired by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolv'd upon dying, and

and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because, he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, wou'd have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him he was afflicted for having rashly done so unholpitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedied, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assur'd him he wou'd revoke his Resolution, and set both him and his Friends a-shore on the next Land they shou'd touch at; and of this the Messenger gave him

him his Oath, provided he wou'd resolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Asseveration; believ'd in an instant what this Man said, but reply'd, He expected for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This Demand was carried to the Captain, who return'd him answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remained in the Ship, for fear lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself and the *King* his Master, to whom his Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* replied,

ed, he would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King's Vessel*, and General of those Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting *Captain*, who could not resolve to trust a *Heathen* he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no sence or notion of the God that he Worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then replied, He was very sorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worship of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited: but they told him the Difference of their Faith occasion'd that Distrust: For the *Captain* had protested to him upon the Word of a *Christian*,
and

and sworn in the Name of a Great *G O D*; which if he should violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be Just to his Oath*, replied *Oroonoko*? Let him know I Swear by my Honour, which to violate, wou'd not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and so give my self perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and diseasing all Mankind, harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men; but Punishments hereafter are suffer'd by ones self; and the World takes no cognizance whether this God have revenged 'em, or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferr'd so long: While the Man of no Honour, suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honestest World, and dies every day ignominiously in his Fame, which

is more valuable than Life: I speak not this to move Belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urg'd him to show what Answer he should give back to his Captain; so that he departed without saying a word more.

The Captain pondering and confus'd what to do, it was concluded that nothing but Oroonoko's word would encourage any of them to eat, except the French, whom the Captain could not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him he was secured because he might act something in favour of the Prince, but that he should be freed as soon

as

as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might show himself to the rest; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single Man.

This being resolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to Oroonoko; where, after many Complements, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, for he had neither eat nor slept in four Days before, he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner

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of

of Sustenance ; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of their Liberty the first Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give Credit to his Words, shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with Excess of Joy at the sight of their Darling Prince ; falling at his Feet, and kissing and embracing 'em ; believing, as some Divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms ; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, against the Reyenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the Injuries

Injuries sustain'd by him. And they all, with one Accord, assur'd him, they cou'd not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the Respect due to his Birth, though nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy ; and he wou'd often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a thousand

Griefs for her eternal Loss, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the Over-seers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*,) they sold 'em off, as Slaves, to several Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting

putting any two in one Lot, because they wou'd separate 'em far from each other; not daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage shou'd put 'em upon contriving some great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Over-seer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes, that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in passing over the Side of the Ship,

Farewel, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain so true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you swear. And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Resistance, he cry'd, Come, my Fellow-Slaves; let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon. So he nimbly leap'd into the Boat, and shewing no more Concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord----- Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain,

Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatness of Look, and Haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that Moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; cou'd

Speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master: So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found resenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions;

Actions; which were recited with that Modesty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquish'd him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so dishonourable an Action; and that he wou'd sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he shou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little Reason to credit the Words of a *Backstary*, yet he knew not why; but he saw a kind of

of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw an Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour; for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the sight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain cou'd not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the Minute he sold him. When he found his
Habit

Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg'd *Trefry* to give him something more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheless, he shone through all; and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no less Admirers, than when he had his dazzling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in spite of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it: As soon as they approach'd him, they venerated and esteem'd him; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince. I

I ought to tell you, that the *Christians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce ; so that Mr. Trefry gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cesar* ; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman* ; for 'tis most evident, he wanted no part of the Personal Courage of that *Cesar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the World replenish'd with People, and Historians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame ; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his Time,

Time, took that Country, had not kill'd, banish'd and dispers'd all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. Trefry, who design'd it, dy'd before he began it ; and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I must call *Oroonoko*, *Cesar*, since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shoar at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself (God bless him) had come a-shore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and those neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time ; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than a Slave.

a Slave. Notwithstanding, as the Custom was, they assign'd him his Portion of Land, his House, and his Business, up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Design, to put him to his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd some Days in the House, receiving all Visits that were made him, without stirring towards that part of the Plantation where the Negroes were.

At last, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his House, and the Business assign'd him. But he no sooner came to the Houses of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it self, the Negroes all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at several times, sold most of 'em to these

Parts ;

Parts ; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, especially if they know em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the sight of him, they all cast themselves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King ! Long live, O King !* And kissing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him ; and what Mr. Trefry had told 'em, was here confirm'd ; of which he himself before had no other Witness than *Cæsar* himself : But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæsar troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, besought 'em to rise, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave ; assuring them, he was no better. At which they

they set up with one Accord a most terrible and hideous Mourning and condoling, which he and the *English* had much a-do to appease; but at last they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all their barbarous Musick, and every one kill'd and dress'd something of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land a-part, on which, at their leisure-times, they breed all eatable things;) and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Presence; which he did, and several *English* with him; where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their several Nations; and with unwearied Industry, endeavouring to please and delight him.

While

While they sat at Meat Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæsar*, that most of these young *Slaves* were undon in Love, with a fine she *Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that tale, which of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so Unhappy, as to be all Undon for one fair *Slave*? *Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about Fifteen or Sixteen Years old, as he guest; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her

K

ever

ever since she came ; and that all the white Beautys he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done ; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her ; and that she had all the *Slaves* perpetually at her Feet ; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so, said he, we have Christ'ned her : But she denys us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she, who can give such eternal Desires, shou'd herself be all Ice, and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the most Graceful Modesty that ever beautified Youth ; the softest Sigher — that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languish'd for some absent happy Man ; and
so

so retir'd, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day ; or that the Breezes would steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work some sighing Lover every day makes it his Petition to perform for her, which she excepts blushing, and with reluctance, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope ; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder,* replied the Prince, *that Clemene shou'd refuse Slaves, being as you say so Beautiful, but wonder how she escapes those who can entertain her as you can do ; or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confess,* said Trefry, *when I have, against her will, entertain'd her with Love so long, as to be transported*
K 2 *with*

with my Passion; even above Decency, I have been ready to make use of those advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me. But oh! she disarms me, with that Modesty and Weeping so tender and so moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars she overcame me. The Company laugh at his Civility to a Slave, and Cæsar only applauded the nobleness of his Passion and Nature; since that Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus past they this Night, after having received, from the Slaves, all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next Day Trefry ask'd Cæsar to walk, when the heat was allay'd, and designedly carried him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and
told

told him, she whom he spoke of last Night liv'd there retir'd. But, says he, I would not wish you to approach, for, I am sure, you will be in Love as soon as you behold her. Cæsar assur'd him, he was proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagin'd his Heart cou'd be so perfidious to Love again, after Imoinda, he believ'd he shou'd tear it from his Bosom: They had no sooner spoke, but a little shock Dog, that Clemene had presented her, which she took great Delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just Speaking of her: When seeing them, she wou'd have run in again; but Trefry caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, however you

fly a Lover, you ought to pay some Respect to this Stranger: (pointing to *Cæsar*) But she, as if she had resolv'd never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the *Prince* the Leasure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Consideration, to examin who this fair Creature was; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life; it stood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppress'd he was with over-Joy, if he had not met
with

with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*: this awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, she came to herself; and 'tis needless to tell with what transports, what extasies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatcht each other to their Arms; then Gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing: They Graspt, but when they recovered their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender things they exprest to each other; wondering what strange Fate had brought 'em again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the same
K 4 time,

time, they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Easy ; and wou'd be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæsar* swore he disdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda* ; and she despis'd Grandure and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do ; and she vow'd, It was a Pallace, while adorn'd with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Cle-*
mene

mene was the Fair Mistrefs of whom *Cæsar* had before spoke ; and was not a little satisfied, that Heaven was so kind to the *Prince*, as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident ; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham House*, (which was on the same *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Cæsar* ; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his French-man, who was set on Shore to seek his Fortunes ; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, because a Christian ; and he came daily to *Parham Hill* to see and pay his Respects
to

to his Puple *Prince* : So that concerning and intresting my self, in all that related to *Cæsar*, whom I had assur'd of Liberty, as soon as the Governor arriv'd, I hasted presently to the Place where the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettyness) to be the same I had heard *Cæsar* speak so much off. One may imagine then, we paid her a treble Respect ; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those

those who are Nobly born of that Country, are so delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd ; the Works being raised like high Poynt round the Edges of the Flowers : Some are only Carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Cæsar* ; and those who are so Carv'd over the Body, resemble our Ancient *Picts*, that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæsar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People ; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding : and in a very short time after she

con-

conceiv'd with Child ; which made *Cæsar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more Impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty ; and offer'd either Gold, or a vast quantity of Slaves, which shou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he shou'd go when his Ransom was paid : They fed him from Day to Day with Promises, and delay'd him, till the Lord Governor shou'd come ; so that he began to suspect them of falshood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wives delivery, and make a Slave of that too, For all the Breed is theirs

theirs to whom the Parents belong : This Thought made him very uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him ; so that I was oblig'd, by some Persons, who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very Fatal sometimes in those Colonies, that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast Numbers) to discourse with *Cæsar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly cou'd ; they knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings ; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of : I entertain'd him with the Lives of the Romans, and great Men, which charm'd him to my Company ; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress off ;

off; and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavoring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all Discourses *Cæsar* lik'd that the worst, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle, he said, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men; for he cou'd not Drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially my self, whom he call'd
his

his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For these Reasons, I had Opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it Ill he shou'd Suspect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not so long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me some Answers that shew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask him, what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I shou'd be
very

very loath to behold: that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not so Luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he resented that Word, which I strove to Soften again in vain: However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he shou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my self, and those upon that *Plan-tation* where he was, he wou'd sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it self, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that Place: He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour shou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long; yet he charg'd that weakness on Love alone, who
was

was capable of making him neglect even Glory it self; and, for which, now he reproches himself every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him Uneasy; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Rest; and though all endeavors were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrastring, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing,
L Chasing

Chasing and Killing *Tigers* of a monstrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance ; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the River of *Amozons*, and which *Cæsar* took great Delight to overcome ; yet these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore ; he assur'd me he wou'd, and this Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in Complaisance to me,
in

in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him ; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him Fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he shou'd be permitted, as seldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes ; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that shou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for some time taken, and *Cæsar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him ; he received new assurance from

the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Country, because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour was design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the advantages he hop'd to reap by them; so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend

intend to stay upon the Place: Though, in a Word, I must say thus much of it, That certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master of in that Continent, he would never have parted so Easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Universe besides; for, they say, it reaches from East to West; one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees, bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit,

L 3 from

from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn ; Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nofegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kind ; some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blew, some Yellow ; bearing, at the same time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of all these Trees have an intrinsick Value above common Timber ; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold ; and bear a Price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums ; so that we make our Candles of such an Aromatick Substance, as
does

does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they Burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be Native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room ; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros* ; 'tis all in white Armor so joynted, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on ; this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig of Six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an Account of all the divers Wonderfull and Strange things that Country affords, and which we took a very great Delight to go in search of ; though

those adventures are oftentimes Fatal and at least Dangerous: But while we had *Cæsar* in our Company on these Designs we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill*. It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the Oposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a Thousand rare
Forms

Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most raving that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon Trees, about half the length of the Marl hear, whose Flowery and Fruity bear Branches meet at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest Hours of the Day, but refresh'd the sweet Blossoms, and made it always Sweet and Charming; and sure the whole Globe of the World cannot show so delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boasted

Italy

Italy can produce a Shade to outvie this, which Nature had joyn'd with Art to render so exceeding Fine ; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast Trees, as big as English Oaks, cou'd take footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little Earth, as cover'd that Rock ; but all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports ;

Sometimes we wou'd go surprising, and in search of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old Ones went forth to forage for Prey ; and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Design, and *Cæsar* was with us, who had no sooner stol'n

stol'n a young *Tiger* from her Nest, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his *Den* ; we had only four Women, *Cæsar*, and an English Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great *Oliverian* ; we found there was no escaping this inrag'd and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we cou'd from it ; but our Heels had not sav'd our Lives, if *Cæsar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more speed towards him ; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword desir'd him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him, and *Cæsar* met this monstrous
Beast

Beast of might, size, and vast Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his Awful stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very steddv and good aiming posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breast down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword; the dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpris'd with Death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after some assurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lug-
ging

ging out the Sword from the Bottom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Bloud on the Ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern, that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet: We all extreamly wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigness of the Beast, which was about the highth of an Heifer, but of mighty, great, and strong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tiger*, which had long infested that part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things, that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd; abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her
with

with several Bullets quite through the Body, at several times ; and some swearing they shot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd she was a Devil rather than a Mortal thing. *Cæsar*, had often said, he had a mind to encounter this Monster, and spoke with several Gentlemen who had attempted her ; one crying, I shot her with so many poyson'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that ; so that he remarking all these Places where she was shot, fancy'd still he shou'd overcome her, by giving her another sort of a Wound than any had yet done ; and one day said (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands Ladies will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this*

this Ravenous Beast, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs ? We all promis'd he shou'd be rewarded at all our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he chus'd out of a great many, he went up in the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be ; they had not past very far in it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleas'd with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new ravish'd Sheep, which she had torn open ; and seeing herself approach'd, she took fast hold of her Prey, with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Cæsar*, without offering to approach him ; for fear, at the same

same time, of loosing what she had in Possession. So that *Cæsar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he design'd ; 'twas some time before he cou'd accomplish it, and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her more, and indanger'd him : He had a Quiver of Arrows at his side, so that if one fail'd he cou'd be supply'd ; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was Ravenous, and fell too as soon as she saw him retire ; being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Mischiefs. When he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he

he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two ; but being seconded by another Arrow, he fell dead upon the Prey : *Cæsar* cut him Open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why he did not Die of 'em. But I shall now relate a thing that possibly will find no Credit among Men, because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and Live ; but when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were Seven
M Bullets

Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds scam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see; and which gave *Cæsar* occasion of many fine Discourses; of Accidents in War, and Strange Escapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fishing; and discoursing on that Diversion, he found we had in that Country a very Strange Fish, call'd, a *Numb Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality so Cold, that those who are Angling, though with a Line of never so great a length, with a Rod
at

at the end of it, it shall, in the same minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, seize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dness, that shall deprive 'em of Sense, for a while; and some have fall'n into the Water, and others drop'd as dead on the Banks of the Rivers where they stood, as soon as this Fish touches the Bait. *Cæsar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impossible a Man cou'd loose his Force at the touch of a Fish; and cou'd not understand that Philosophy, that a cold Quality should be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curiosity to try whether it wou'd have the same effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain; at last, the sought for
M 2 Fish

Fish came to the Bait, as he stood Angling on the Bank; and instead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a sudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have dismiss'd the Rod, before it cou'd have too much Power over him; for Experiment sake, he grasp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being still possess'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him senseless as he was a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbness seize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle (that is, a short Oar) they struck away, and snatch'd it into the Boat,
Eel

Eel and all. If *Cæsar* were almost Dead, with the effect of this Fish, he was more so with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the space of going a League; and they found they had much a-do to bring him back to Life: But, at last, they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well Recover'd and Refresh'd; and not a little Asham'd to find he shou'd be overcome by an *Eel*; and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd Laugh at him. But we cheer'd him up; and he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper; which was a quarter of an Ell about, and most delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, since it cost so
M 3 Dear,

Dear, as almost the Life of so gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about some Disputes the *English* had with the *Indians* ; so that we cou'd scarce trust our selves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place, where they abode ; for fear they shou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away ; and that it was in the possession of the *Dutch* , who us'd 'em not so civilly as the *English* ; so that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houses, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her ; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joynts, and nail'd him to Trees.

This

This feud began while I was there ; so that I lost half the satisfaction I propos'd , in not seeing and visiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæsar* told us, we need not Fear ; for if we had a mind to go , he wou'd undertake to be our Guard : Some wou'd, but most wou'd not venture ; about Eighteen of us resolv'd , and took Barge ; and , after Eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town : But approaching it, the Hearts of some of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not venture on Shore ; so we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not : For my part, I said , If *Cæsar* wou'd, I wou'd go ; he resolv'd, so did my Brother, and

M 4 my

my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we shou'd have a half Diversion in Gazing only ; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us : But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em ; and being, by long Living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who resolv'd to surprize 'em, by making 'em see something they never had seen, (that is, White People) resolv'd only my self, my Brother, and Woman shou'd go ; so *Cæsar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some thick

thick Reeds and Flowers, that grew on the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Hutts ; we saw some Dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River : They had no sooner spy'd us, but they set up a loud Cry, that frighted us at first ; we thought it had been for those that should Kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked, and we were Dress'd, so as is most comode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich ; so that we appear'd extremely fine ; my own Hair was cut short, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head ;

Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribon; this was all infinitely surprising to them, and because we saw them stand still, till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd; came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it wide to those they call'd out too; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew
more

more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us; laving their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em; and they ty'd about their Legs, being Lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends, for they much Esteem any shining things: In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Cæsar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by

by these Fishermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em ; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore they set up a new Joy ; and cry'd , in their Language, *Oh ! here's our Tiguamy, and we shall now know whether those things can speak*: So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*, which is as much as, *How do you, or Welcome Friend* ; and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, If we had Sense, and Wit? if we cou'd talk of affairs of Life, and War, as they cou'd do? if we cou'd Hunt, Swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answer'd 'em, We cou'd. Then they

they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffelo for us ; and , going out, gathered a Leaf of a Tree, call'd a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of Six Yards long , and spread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth ; and cutting another in pieces instead of Plates, setting us on little bow *Indian* Stools , which they cut out of one intire piece of Wood, and Paint , in a sort of Japan Work : They serve every one their Mefs on these pieces of Leaves, and it was very good, but too high season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother, and I, took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder ; and I soon perceiv'd, by an admiration , that is natural to these People,

People; and by the extream Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant in Religion among them; and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper a Fire, with a Burning-glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have Ador'd him for a God; and beg'd he wou'd give them the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against Winds and Storms; which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them; and kept it like a Holy Relique. They are very Superstitious, and call'd him the
Great

Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They shou'd us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handsom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are us'd to compleat him in the finest manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the Ledgerdmain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he imposes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity. And by these Tricks makes the Sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains; by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any Strange thing; and though
they

they have besides undoubted good Remedies, for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines; and make themselves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me; after this, they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so Novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæsar* had a mind to see and talk with their War *Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houses; where we beheld several of the
great

great *Captains*, who had been at Council: But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em no Fancy can create; no such Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my part I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men; but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses and Lips, some their Ears, and others Cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes; through which their Teeth appear'd; they had other several formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismemberings; they had *Comitias*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked,
N stuck

stuck in it ; a Bow at their Backs,
and a Quiver of Arrows on
their Thighs ; and most had
Feathers on their Heads of di-
vers Colours. They cry'd, *A-*
mora Tigame to us, at our en-
trance , and were pleas'd we
said as much to em ; they feat-
ed us, and gave us Drink of the
best Sort ; and wonder'd , as
much as the others had done
before, to see us. *Cæsar* was
marvelling as much at their
Faces , wondering how they
shou'd all be so Wounded in
War ; he was Impatient to
know how they all came by
those frightful Marks of Rage
or Malice, rather than Wounds
got in Noble Battel : They told
us, by our Interpreter , That
when any War was waging, two
Men

Men chosen out by some old
Captain , whose Fighting was
past, and who cou'd only teach
the Theory of War, these two
Men were to stand in Competi-
tion for the Generalship, or
Great War Captain ; and being
brought before the old Judges,
now past Labour, they are ask'd,
What they dare do to shew they
are worthy to lead an Army ?
When he , who is first ask'd,
making no Reply, Cuts of his
Nose, and throws it contemp-
tably on the Ground ; and the
other does something to him-
self that he thinks surpasses him,
and perhaps deprives himself of
Lips and an Eye ; so they Slash
on till one gives out, and many
have dy'd in this Debate. And
its by a passive Valour they
N 2 shew

shew and prove their Activity ; a sort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our Black Hero ; nevertheless he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæsar* begot so good an understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears, or Heart-burnings during our stay ; but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em : Many things Remarkable, and worthy Reciting , we met with in this short Voyage ; because *Cæsar* made it his Business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly Ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our Adventures ; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we cou'd, and to

to Compliment the Prince in that manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects ; that is, of a larger Size, and other sort of Features , than those of our Country : Our *Indian Slaves*, that Row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions, but they cou'd not understand us ; but shew'd us a long Cotton String, with several Knots on it ; and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots ; they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Dust ; which, as well as they cou'd give us to understand, came streaming in

little small Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell ; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Persons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord Governour came: And because all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard shou'd be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons*, (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before
the

the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it : And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majesty lost by loosing that part of *America*.

Though this digression is a little from my Story, however since it contains some Proofs of the Curiosity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus, for sometime we diverted him ; but now *Imoinda* began to shew she was with Child, and did nothing but Sigh and Weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her Self, and the Infant yet Unborn ; and be-

liev'd, if it were so hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Grievs were so many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæsar*; and taking his Opportunity one *Sunday*, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of several Trades, and *Slaves* for Four Years, that Inhabited among the *Negro* Houses; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of Spys upon *Cæsar*;) he went pretending out of Goodness to 'em, to Feast amongst 'em; and sent all his Musick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three Hundred *Negros*; and about a Hundred and Fifty were able to bear Arms, such as they

they had, which were sufficient to do Execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *English* had none but rusty Swords, that no Strength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to Oyl 'em and keep 'em in good Order: The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carri'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that County to Rust and Eat up Iron, or any Metals, but Gold and Silver. And they are very Unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negros* and *Indians* are perfect Masters off.

Cæsar, having singl'd out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to

to 'em of the Miseries, and Ignominies of Slavery ; counting up all their Toyls and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens, and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men ; Senseless Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em it was not for Days , Months , or Years , but for Eternity ; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes : They suffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory, and Fortitude in Oppression ; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten : That they had lost the Divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses, fit only to bear ; nay worse : an Ass, or Dog, or Horse having done his Duty, cou'd lye down
in

in Retreat , and rise to Work again, and while he did his Duty indur'd no Stripes ; but Men, Villanous , Senseless Men, such as they, Toyl'd on all the tedious Week till Black *Friday* ; and then, whether they Work'd or not, whether they were Faulty or Meriting, they promiscuously, the Innocent with the Guilty, suffer'd the infamous Whip , the sordid Stripes, from their Fellow *Slaves* till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body ; Blood, whose every drop ought to be Reveng'd with a Life of some of those Tyrants, that impose it ; *And why*, said he, *my dear Friends and Fellow-sufferers, shou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People ? Have they Vanquish'd us Nobly in Fight ? Have they Wone*

us in Honourable Battel ? And are we, by the chance of War, become their Slaves ? This wou'd not anger a Noble Heart, this wou'd not animate a Souldiers Soul ; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards ; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries, for Rapin, Murders, Thefts and Villanies : Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid each other with infamy of Life, below the Wildest Salvages ; and shall we render Obedience to such a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to distinguish 'em from the vilest Creatures ? Will you, I say, suffer the Lash from such Hands ? They all Reply'd, with one accord,

cord, No, no, no ; Cæsar has spoke like a Great Captain ; like a Great King.

After this he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall Negro of some more Quality than the rest, his Name was *Tuscan* ; who Bowing at the Feet of Cæsar, cry'd, *My Lord, we have listen'd with Joy and Attention to what you have said ; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow so great a Leader through the World : But oh ! consider, we are Husbands and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life ; our Wives and Children unfit for Travel, in these unpassable Woods, Mountains and Bogs ; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to Wade, and Monsters to Incounter ;*
Raven-

Ravenous Beasts of Prey —
 To this, Cæsar Reply'd, *That*
Honour was the First Principle
in Nature, that was to be Obey'd;
but as no Man wou'd pretend to
that, without all the Acts of
Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love,
Justice and Reason; he found it
not inconsistent with that, to take
an equal Care of their Wives and
Children, as they wou'd of them-
selves; and that he did not De-
sign, when he led them to Free-
dom, and Glorious Liberty, that
they shou'd leave that better part of
themselves to Perish by the Hand of
the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were
a Woman among them so degene-
rate from Love and Vertue to chuse
Slavery before the pursuit of her
Husband, and with the hazard
of her Life, to share with him in
his

his Fortunes; that such an one
ought to be Abandon'd, and left
as a Prey to the common E-
nemy.

To which they all Agreed, —
 and Bowed. After this, he spoke
 of the Impassable Woods and
 Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the
 more Danger, the more Glory.
 He told them that he had heard
 of one *Hannibal* a great Cap-
 tain, had Cut his Way through
 Mountains of solid Rocks; and
 shou'd a few Shrubs oppose them;
 which they cou'd Fire before
 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Ex-
 cuse to Men resolv'd to die, or
 overcome. As for Bogs, they
 are with a little Labour fill'd
 and harden'd; and the Rivers
 cou'd be no Obstacle, since they
 Swam by Nature; at least by
 Cu-

Custom, from their First Hour of their Birth : That when the Children were Weary they must carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Industry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

Tuscan then demanded, What he wou'd do? He said, they wou'd Travel towards the Sea; Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by stress of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd Sieze it, and make it a Prize, till it had Transported them to their own Countries; at least, they shou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be Esteem'd as his Fellow-sufferers, and Men that had the

the Courage, and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty; and if they Dy'd in the attempt it wou'd be more brave, than to Live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiss'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March; they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulder, and under their Arm like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry those that cou'd not. The Wives who pay an intire Obedience to their Husbands obey'd, and stay'd for 'em, where they were appointed : The Men

O stay'd

stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Cæsar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But, as they cou'd not march far that Night, on Monday early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to Work, they were extreamly surpris'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the *Plantation*, but soon reach'd the Neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men, they call the *Militia* of the County, that came to assist us in the persute of the Fugitives:

gitives: But never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men, of any fashion, wou'd not concern themselves, though it were almost the common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Cæsar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites*, as they call'd those of *Parham Plantation*; because they did not, in the first place, love the Lord Governor; and secondly, they wou'd have it, that *Cæsar* was Ill us'd, and Baff'd with; and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*; so that they

of the better sort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy Governor, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most Fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Cæsar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worst of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Cæsar*, or rather to pursue him; most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with Nine Tayls*; some had rusty
useless

useless Guns for show; others old Basket-hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs, and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went a long, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in such a Batail; for he foresaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into despair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that wou'd drown, or kill themselves, before they wou'd yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em, so that Night

or Dav they persu'd 'em by the light they made, and by the path they had clear'd : But as soon as *Cæsar* found he was persu'd, he put himself in a Posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Reer ; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to Dye or Conquer. Incourag'd thus, they never stood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *English*, and kill'd some, and wounded a good many ; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons : And as they observ'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy so sorely, with Lashing 'em in the Eves ; and the Women and Children, seeing their Husbands so treated, being of
fearful

fearful Cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield and Live, Yield and be Pardon'd* ; they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, yield ; and leave Cæsar to their Revenge* ; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Cæsar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda* ; who, grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poyson'd Arrows, which she manag'd with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the *Governor* into the Shoulder ; of which Wound he had like to have Dy'd, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, suck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from

the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had Parlv'd with *Cæsar*, who he found was resolv'd to dye Fighting, and wou'd not be Taken; no more wou'd *Tuscan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of talking, and dissembling; and besought *Cæsar* to yield himself upon Terms, which he himself should propose, and should be Sacredly assented to and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the force of Two Men, and a young Heroine, cou'd overcome all them, with all the Slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem

esteem he had for his Person; the desire he had to serve so Gallant a Man; and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a *Prince*, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserv'd the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he look'd upon this Action, as Gallant and Brave; however tending to the prejudice of his Lord and Master, who wou'd by it have lost so considerable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his shou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they wou'd effectually perform,

as

as soon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coast. So *that if you will be pleas'd*, continued he, *to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you ; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be here born, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cæsar* wou'd hear of no Composition ; though *Byam* urg'd, If he persu'd, and went on in his Design, he wou'd inevitably Perish, either by great *Snakes*, wild Beasts, or Hunger ; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whose Condition required ease, and not the fatigues of tedious Travel ; where she cou'd not be secur'd from being devoured. But *Cæsar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they Ador'd ;
who

who instructed 'em in Principles so false, that honest Men cou'd not live amongst 'em ; though no People profess'd so much, none perform'd so little ; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour ; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to Eat and Drink with *Christians* without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand ; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they spoke. As for the rashness and inconsiderateness of his Action he wou'd confess the Governor is in the right ; and that he was ashamed of what he had done, in endeavoring to make those Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as
Christians

Christians Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such Masters; and they wanted only but to be whipt into the knowledge of the *Christian Gods* to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to Worship such Deities as had not Power to make 'em Just, Brave, or Honest. In fine, after a thousand things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, he had rather Dye than Live upon the same Earth with such Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and protested together so much, that *Trefry* believing the *Governor* to mean what he said; and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Cæsar's* Hands, and took him aside, and perswaded him, even with Tears,

to

to Live, by Surrendring himself, and to name his Conditions. *Cæsar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he desir'd, and that it shou'd be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing; because he had perceiv'd that was the common way of contract between Man and Man, amongst the Whites: All this was perform'd, and *Tuscan's* Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving order to bury their dead. *Cæsar* was very much toyl'd with the bustle of the Day; for he had fought like a Fury, and what Mischief was done he and *Tuscan* perform'd

alone;

alone ; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arriv'd at the Place, where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæsar* and *Tuscan*, faint with heat and toyl ; and, surprizing them, Bound them to two several Stakes, and Whipt them in a most deplorable and inhumane Manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones ; especially *Cæsar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Mone, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithless Governor, and those he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation ; and, to compleat his Rage, he
saw

saw every one of those *Slaves*, who, but a few Days before, Ador'd him as something more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters ; though, if he had, it were impossible : But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almost Fainting, with loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body ; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was ; and loaded him all over with Irons ; and then rubbed his
Wounds,

Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian Pepper*, which had like to have made him raving Mad ; and, in this Condition, made him so fast to the Ground that he cou'd not stir, if his Pains and Wounds wou'd have given him leave. They spar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and shut her up ; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she shou'd Dye with the Sight, or Miscarry ; and then they shou'd loose a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on Monday Morning, that *Cæsar* had betaken himself to the Woods,
and

and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*. We were possess'd with extream Fear, which no persuasions cou'd Dissipate, that he wou'd secure himself till Night ; and then, that he wou'd come down and Cut all our Throats. This apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secur'd ; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty : For I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it ; but we had not gon many Leagues, but the News overtook us that *Cæsar* was taken, and Whipt like a common *Slave*. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and
P Good-

Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my *New Comedy*, by his own Name, in memory of so brave a Man: He was Wise and Eloquent; and, from the fineness of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Cæsar*, and resented this false Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accomodation; when we came, the First News we heard was, that the *Governor* was Dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not so well: But it seems he wou'd have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæsar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finish'd, he drop'd down;

down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder, was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress heal'd, by Sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner Arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to see *Cæsar*, whom we found in a very Miserable and Unexpressable Condition; and I have a Thousand times admired how he liv'd, in so much tormenting Pain. We said all things to him, that Trouble, Pitty, and Good Nature cou'd suggest; Protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorance of such Cruelties. Making a Thousand Professions of Services to him, and Begging as many Pardons for the Offenders,

ders, till we said so much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, he cou'd never Pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confess'd he saw his Grief and Sorrow, for his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for Speaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head; — and shou'd, by his Justice, and Honor, have been an Example to 'em. — For him, he wish'd to Live, to take a dire Revenge of him, and said, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, instead of giving me the contemptable Whip.* He refus'd to Talk much, but Begging us to give him our Hands; he took 'em,

'em, and Protested never to lift up his, to do us any Harm. He had a great Respect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counsel, like that of a Parent; and assur'd him, he wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*. Therefore, said he, *for his own Safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I cou'd dispatch my self, I wou'd not, till that Justice were done to my injur'd Person, and the contempt of a Souldier: No, I wou'd not kill my self, even after a Whipping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grining Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you shall see that Oroonoko scorns to live with the Indignity that was put on Cæsar.* All we

cou'd do cou'd get no more Words from him ; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper ; and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm , which he suffer'd , and in some time he began to be able to Walk and Eat ; we fail'd not to visit him every Day, and, to that end, had him brought to an apartment at *Parham*.

The *Governor* was no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the menaces of *Cæsar* , but he call'd his Council ; who (not to disgrace them, or Burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported ; and possibly originally were such, who under-

understood neither the Laws of *God* or *Man* ; and had no sort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name of Men : But, at the very Council Table , wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another ; and Swear so bloodily that 'twas terrible to hear, and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd , when the *Dutch* took possession of the place ; others sent off in Chains :) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together , and requiring their Counfel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Cafes ; and that *Cæsar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes* , to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters , their Lords

and Masters ; and, at this rate, no Man was safe from his own *Slaves* ; and concluded, *nemine contradicente* that *Cæsar* shou'd be Hang'd.

Trefry then thought it time to use his Authority ; and told *Byam* his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation* ; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-hall* ; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord--- (who there represented the King's Person) than they cou'd those about the King himself ; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary ; and though his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in Being there ; which he had intrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular

lar *Plantations* reach'd , and all that belong'd to it ; the rest of the *Country*, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyrany upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that int'rested themselves in *Cæsar's* Life, and absolutely said, He shou'd be Defended. So turning the *Governor*, and his wife Council, out of Doors, (for they sat at *Parham-house*) they set a Guard upon our Landing Place, and wou'd admit none but those we call'd Friends to us and *Cæsar*.

The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his recovery was compleated, *Cæsar* did not know but he was still there ; and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there ;
for

for he was one that lov'd to Live at other Peoples Expence ; and if he were a Day absent, he was Ten present there ; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt, and Fish, with *Cæsar*. So that *Cæsar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he shou'd find an opportunity of being Reveng'd on him : Though, after such a Revenge, he cou'd not hope to Live ; for if he escap'd the Fury of the *English* Mobile, who perhaps wou'd have been glad of the occasion to have kill'd him, he was resolv'd not to survive his Whiping ; yet he had, some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his fits of Coward ; wherein he struggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which

which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there ; but, for the most part, his time was past in melancholy Thought, and black Designs ; he consider'd, if he shou'd do this Deed, and Dye, either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a *Slave*, to the inrag'd Multitude ; his great Heart cou'd not indure that Thought. *Perhaps*, said he, *she may be first Ravished by every Brute ; exposed first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death.* No ; he could not Live a Moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be born. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards ; so that now resolving not only to

to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had inrag'd him ; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he shou'd make over the whole Face of the *Plantation*. He first resolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it at first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it Brave and Just : Being able to Walk , and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Design, he beg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good ; which was granted him, and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a thousand Sighs, and long Gazing silently on her Face, while
Tears

Tears gush, in spight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design first of Killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of Escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of Dying ; he found the Heroick Wife faster pleading for Death than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution ; and, on her Knees, besought him, not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleas'd at her noble Resolution, took her up, and imbracing her, with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes ; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were Smiling with Joy she shou'd

shou'd dye by so noble a Hand,
 and be sent in her own Country,
 (for that's their Notion of the
 next World) by him she so ten-
 derly Lov'd, and so truly Ador'd
 in this; for Wives have a respect
 for their Husbands equal to what
 any other People pay a Deity;
 and when a Man finds any occa-
 sion to quit his Wife, if he love
 her, she dyes by his Hand; if
 not, he sells her, or suffers some
 other to kill her. It being thus,
 you may believe the Deed was
 soon resolv'd on; and 'tis not
 to be doubted, but the Parting,
 the eternal Leave taking of Two
 such Lovers, so greatly Born,
 so Sensible, so Beautiful, so
 Young, and so Fond, must be
 very Moving, as the Relation of
 it was to me afterwards.

All

All that Love cou'd say in
 such cases, being ended; and
 all the intermitting Irresolutions
 being adjusted, the Lovely,
 Young, and Ador'd Victim lays
 her self down, before the Sacri-
 ficer; while he, with a Hand
 resolv'd, and a Heart breaking
 within, gave the Fatal Stroke;
 first, cutting her Throat, and
 then severing her, yet Smiling,
 Face from that Delicate Body,
 pregnant as it was with Fruits
 of tend'rest Love. As soon as he
 had done, he laid the Body de-
 cently on Leaves and Flowers;
 of which he made a Bed, and
 conceal'd it under the same co-
 ver-lid of Nature; only her Face
 he left yet bare to look on: But
 when he found she was Dead,
 and past all Retrieve, never more
 to

to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language ; his Grief swell'd up to Rage ; he Tore, he Rav'd he Roar'd, like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda* ; a thousand times he turn'd the Fatal Knife that did the Deed, toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her ; but dire Revenge, which now was a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him ; and he wou'd cry out, *No ; since I have sacrificed Imoinda to my Revenge, shall I loose that Glory which I have purchas'd so dear, as at the Price of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature that ever Nature made ? No, no !* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the ascendant of Rage, and he wou'd
lye

lye down by her side, and water her Face with showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eves : And however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deploring Condition for two Days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made his sad Sacrifice ; at last, rousing from her side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead ; and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he resolv'd now to finish the great Work ; but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd,

cay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs assail'd by contrary Winds ; so that he was forced to lye down again, and try to summon all his Courage to his Aid ; he found his Brains turn round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do ; his Breath was short ; and all his Limbs surpris'd with a Faintness he had never felt before. He had not Eat in two Days, which was one occasion of this Feebleness, but excess of Grief was the greatest ; yet still he hop'd he shou'd recover Vigour to act his Design ; and lay expecting it yet six Days longer ; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every Day to rise, but cou'd not.

In

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Cæsar*, and his Wife ; some were of Opinion he was escap'd never to return ; others thought some Accident had hap'n'd to him : But however, we fail'd not to send out an hundred People several ways to search for him ; a Party, of about forty, went that way he took ; among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam* ; they had not gon very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body ; for Stinks must be very noisom that can be distinguish'd among such a quantity of Natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they shou'd find him dead, or somebody that

Q 2

was

was so; they past on towards it, as Loathsom as it was, and made such a rustling among the Leaves that lye thick on the Ground, by continual Falling, that *Cæsar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the space of these eight Days, endeavor'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a Neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd, and saw him; he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be safe: So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perswade them that it was *Cæsar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they

they ask'd him, What he had done with his Wife? for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead. He, pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there*; they put off the Flowers that cover'd her with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd; and cry'd out, *Oh Monster! that hast murder'd thy Wife*: Then asking him, Why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, he had no leasure to answer impertinent Questions; *You may go back*, continued he, *and tell the Faithless Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him*: But his Tongue faltering, and trembling, he cou'd scarce end what he was saying. The

English taking Advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means*: He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more Cæsars to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.* They swore all a-new, and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn; then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while *Cæsar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer; let him assure himself,* and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Posture, *Look ye, ye faithless Crew, said he,*

'tis

'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of Dying; and, at that Word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em, yet still *I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge. But oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and, if I make not haste, I shall yet fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly; and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *English* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil*; (taking Courage when he saw him almost Dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his fare-

well to the World; he rush'd on
Cæsar, with his Arm'd Hand met
 him so fairly, as stuck him to the
 Heart, and he fell Dead at his
 Feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out,
I love thee, oh Cæsar; and therefore
will not let thee Dye, if possible:
 And, running to him, took him
 in his Arms; but, at the same
 time, warding a Blow that *Cæsar*
 made at his Bosom, he receiv'd
 it quite through his Arm; and
Cæsar having not the Strength to
 pluck the Knife forth, though
 he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither
 pull'd it out himself, nor suffer'd
 it to be pull'd out; but came
 down with it sticking in his Arm;
 and the reason he gave for it
 was, because the Air shou'd not
 get into the Wound: They put
 their Hands a-crofs, and carried
Cæsar

Cæsar between Six of 'em, faint-
 ed as he was; and they thought
 Dead, or just Dying; and they
 brought him to *Parham*, and laid
 him on a Couch, and had the
 Chirurgeon immediately to him,
 who dress'd his Wounds, and sow'd
 up his Belly, and us'd means to
 bring him to Life, which they
 effected. We ran all to see him;
 and, if before we thought him
 so beautiful a Sight, he was now
 so alter'd, that his Face was like
 a Death's Head black'd over;
 nothing but Teeth, and Eye-
 holes: For some Days we suf-
 fer'd no body to speak to him,
 but caus'd Cordials to be pou-
 red down his Throat, which su-
 stained his Life; and in six or
 seven Days he recover'd his Sen-
 ses: For, you must know, that
 Wounds

Wounds are almost to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talk'd to him; and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his Parting; and he besought us, we would let him Live, and was extreamly Afflicted to think it was possible he might Live; he assur'd us, if we did not Dispatch him, he wou'd prove very Fatal to a great many. We said all we cou'd to make him Live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think so poorly of him, or of his love to *Imoinda*, to
ima-

imagine we cou'd Flatter him to Life again; but the Chirurgeon assur'd him, he cou'd not Live, and therefore he need not Fear. We were all (but *Cæsar*) afflicted at this News; and the Sight was gashly; his Discourse was sad; and the earthly Smell about him so strong, that I was perswaded to leave the Place for some time; (being my self but Sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy) the Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they cou'd of the Life of *Cæsar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three Days Journey down the River; but I was no sooner gon, but the

Governor

Governor taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Days Journey up the River; having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council; a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich. He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæsar*, and had him carried to the same Post where he was Whip'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he shou'd Dye like a Dog, as he was. *Cæsar* replied, this was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did; and he never spoke Sence till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was the

the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to Dye, or to be Whip'd?* And they cry'd, *Whip'd! no; you shall not escape so well:* And then he replied, smiling, *A Blessing on thee;* and assur'd them, they need not tye him, for he wou'd stand fixt, like a Rock; and indure Death so as shou'd encourage them to Dye. *But if you Whip me,* said he, *be sure you tye me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was assur'd he should Dye, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready Lighted, which they did; and the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members,

bers, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favoured Knife, they cut his Ears, and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe drop'd; and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhumane were the Justices, who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Insolence. They cut *Cæsar* in Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief
Plan-

Plantations: One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it; and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the Governor himself, than those of *Cæsar*, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes* without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Dy'd this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is considerable enough to make his Glorious Name to survive to all Ages; with that of the Brave, the Beautiful, and the Constant *Imoinda*.

F I N I S.

Licensed,

April 17.
1688.

Ric. Pocock.

THE
Fair Jilt :
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
Prince Tarquin
AND
MIRANDA.

WRITTEN BY
Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Will.*
Canning, at his Shop in the
Temple-Cloysters, 1688.

T O

HENRY PAIN, Esq;

S I R,

D*edications are like
Love, and no
Man of Wit or
Eminence escapes them;
early or late, the Affliction
of the Poet's Complement
falls upon him; and Men
are oblig'd to receive 'em
as they do their Wives;*

A 3 For

The Epistle

For better, for worse;
at leſt, with a feign'd Ci-
vility.

*It was not Want of
Reſpect, but Fear, that
has hitherto made us keep
clear of your Judgment,
too piercing to be favou-
rable to what is not nicely
valuable. We durſt not
awaken your Criticiſm;
and by begging your Pro-
tection in the Front of a
Book, give you an Occa-
ſion to find nothing to de-
ſerve it. Nor can this
little*

Dedictory.

*little Hiſtory lay a better
Claim to that Honour,
than thoſe that have not
pretended to it; which has
but this Merit to recom-
mend it, That it is
Truth: Truth, which you
ſo much admire. But 'tis
a Truth that entertains
you with ſo many Acci-
dents diverting and mo-
ving, that they will need
both a Patron, and an
Aſſertor in this incredu-
lous World. For however
it may be imagin'd that
Poetry (my Talent) has*

A 4 ſo

The Epistle

so greatly the Ascendant
over me, that all I write
must pass for Fiction, I
now desire to have it un-
derstood, that this is Rea-
lity, and Matter of Fact,
and acted in this our lat-
ter Age: And that, in
the Person of Tarquin,
I bring a Prince to kiss
your Hands, who own'd
himself, and was receiv'd,
as the last of the Race
of the Roman Kings;
whom I have often seen,
and you have heard of;
and whose Story is so well
known

Dedicatory.

known to your self, and
many Hundreds more:
Part of which I had from
the Mouth of this unhap-
py great Man, and was
an Eye-Witness to the
rest.

'Tis true, Sir, I pre-
sent you with a Prince un-
fortunate, but still the
more noble Object for your
Goodness and Pity; who
never valu'd a brave Man
the less for being unhap-
py. And whither shou'd
the Afflicted flee for Re-
fuge,

The Epistle

fuge, but to the Generous? Amongst all the Race, he cannot find a better Man, or more certain Friend: Nor amongst all his Ancestors, match your greater Soul, and Magnificence of Mind. He will behold in one English Subject, a Spirit as illustrious, a Heart as fearless, a Wit and Eloquence as excellent, as Rome it self cou'd produce. Its Senate scarce boasted of a better States-man, nor Augustus

Dedicatory.

gustus of a more faithful Subject; as your Imprisonment and Sufferings, through all the Course of our late National Distractions, have sufficiently manifested: But nothing cou'd press or deject your great Heart; you were the same Man still, unmov'd in all Turns, easie and innocent; no Persecution being able to abate your constant good Humour, or wonted Gallantry.

If

The Epistle

If, Sir, you find here a Prince of less Fortitude and Vertue than yourself, charge his Miscarriages on Love; a Weakness of that Nature you will easily excuse, (being so great a Friend to the Fair;) though possibly, he gave a Proof of it too fatal to his Honour. Had I been to have form'd his Character, perhaps I had made him something more worthy of the Honour of your Protection:

Dedictory.

tection: But I was oblig'd to pursue the Matter of Fact, and give a just Relation of that part of his Life which, possibly, was the only reproachful part of it. If he be so happy, as to entertain a Man of Wit and Business, I shall not fear his Welcome to the rest of the World: And 'tis only with your Passport he can hope to be so.

The

The Epistle

The particular Obligations I have to your Bounty and Goodness, O noble Friend, and Patron of the Muses! I do not so much as pretend to acknowledge in this little Present; those being above the Poets Pay, which is a sort of Coin, not currant in this Age; though perhaps may be esteem'd as Medals in the Cabinets of Men of Wit. If this be so happy to be of that Number, I desire
no

Dedicatory.

*no more lasting a Fame,
than that it may bear this
Inscription, that I am,*

S I R,

Your most Obliged, and

Most Humble Servant,

A. Behn.

A D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

That famous Powder, called *Arcanum Magnum*, formerly prepared by the learned *Riverius*, Physician Regent to the *French King*, and approved by most Persons of *Quality* in *Christendom*, for preserving and beautifying the *Face*, even to old Age: It cures *Red Faces*; it takes away all *Heat*, *Pimples*, *Sun-burn*, and *Morphew*; it prevents, and takes away superfluous *Hair*, growing on the *Face*: In short, it adds more *Lustre* and *Beauty*, than any Powder or Wash known; as many Persons of *Quality* can testify, who daily use it, with the greatest *Approbation*. It is prepared only by *I. H.* Doctor in *Physick*, in *Great Knight-Riders-Street*, nigh *Doctors-Commons-Gate*, a blew Ball being over the *Door*: Where it may be had for 2 s. 6 d. the Paper, with *Directions* for the Use.

There is now in the Press, *Oroonoko*; or, *The History of the Royal Slave*. Written by *Madam Behn*.

THE

(1)

THE
Fair Hypocrite;
OR THE
AMOURS
OF
Prince Tarquin,
AND
MIRANDA.

AS Love is the most noble and divine Passion of the Soul, so is it that to which we may justly attribute all the real *Satisfactions* of *Life*; and without it, *Man* is unfinished, and unhappy.

B There

There are a thousand things to be said of the Advantages this generous Passion brings to those, whose Hearts are capable of receiving its soft Impressions ; for 'tis not every one that can be sensible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from History and Observation, cou'd I give of its wondrous power ; nay, even to a degree of Transmigration ? How many Ideots has it made wise ? How many Fools, eloquent ? How many home-bread Squires, accomplish'd ? How many Cowards, brave ? And there is no sort or Species of Mankind, on whom it cannot work some Change and Miracle, if it be a noble, well-grounded Passion, except on the Fop in fashion, the harden'd, incorrigible Fop ; so often wounded, but never reclaim'd : For still, by a dire Mistake, conducted by vast Opinonatreism, and a greater portion of Self-Love, than the rest of the Race of Man, he believes that Affecta-
tion

tion in his Mein and Dress, that Mathematical Movement, that Formality in every Action, that Face managed with Care, and softned into Ridicule, the languishing Turn, the Toss, and the Back shake of the Periwigg, is the direct Way to the Heart of the fine Person he adores ; and instead of curing *Love* in his Soul, serves only to advance his Folly ; and the more he is enamour'd, the more industriously he assumes (every Hour) the Coxcomb. These are *Love's* Play-things, a sort of Animals with whom he sports ; and whom he never wounds, but when he is in good humour, and always shoots laughing. 'Tis the Diversion of the *little God*, to see what a fluttering and bustle one of these Sparks, new-wounded, makes ; to what fantastick Fooleries he has recourse : The Glass is every moment call'd to Counsel, the *Vallet* consulted and plagu'd for ~~new~~ Invention of Dress, the Foot-man and Scrutore perpetually employ'd ; *Billet-*
B 2 *doxx*

(4)

doux and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in Dressing, till Night in Gazing; still, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Celia*, adjusting himself in the most *Amorous Posture* he can assume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put carelessly into his Bosom, as if laid upon his panting Heart; his Head a little bent to one side, supported with a world of Crevat-string, which he takes mighty care not to put into Disorder; as one may guess by a never-failing, and horrid Stiffness in his Neck; and if he have an occasion to look aside, his whole Body turns at the same time, for fear the motion of the Head alone shou'd incommode the Crevat or Periwigg: And sometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand displayed. Thus, with a thousand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Rode of Foppery, he takes infinite pains to shew

(5)

shew himself to the Pit and Boxes, a most accomplish'd Ass. This is he, of all Humane Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles; and who can no where, and upon no Occasion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unless in a Duel, or a Battle, if ever his Stars shou'd be so severe and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the necessity of either: Fear then wou'd ruffle that fine Form he had so long preserved in nicest Order, with grief considering, that an unlucky, Chance-Wound in his Face, if such a dire Misfortune shou'd befall him, wou'd spoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that since no Metamorphosis can be made in a Fop by *Love*, you must consider him one of those that only talks of *Love*, and thinks himself that happy thing, a *Lover*; and wanting fine Sence enough for the real Passion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver
B 3 of

of the God a great many different Darts ; some that wound for a Day, and others for a Year ; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and shew as well as those made of the *noblest Metal* ; but the Wounds they make, reach the Desire only, and are cur'd by possessing, while the short-liv'd Passion betrays the Cheats : But 'tis that refin'd and illustrious Passion of the Soul, whose Aim is *Vertue*, and whose End is *Honour*, that has the power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all those *heroick* things, of which History is full.

How far distant Passions may be from one another, I shall be able to make appear in these following Rules. I'll prove to you the strong Effects of *Love* in some unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts ; where it rages beyond the Inspirations of a God *all soft and gentle*, and reigns more like a *Fury from Hell*.

I do

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any thing piec'd together with *Romantick Accidents* ; but every Circumstance, to a Tittle, is Truth. To a great part of the Main, I myself was an Eye-witness ; and what I did not see, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, holy Men, of the Order of St. *Francis* : But for the sake of some of her Relations, I shall give my fair *Filt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda* ; but my *Hero* must retain his own, it being too illustrious to be conceal'd.

You are to understand, that in all the *Catholick* Countries where *Holy Orders* are establish'd, there are abundance of differing kinds of *Religious*, both of Men and Women : Amongst the Women there are those we call *Nuns*, that make solemn Vows of perpetual *Chastity* : There are others who make but a simple *Vow* ; as, for five or ten
B 4 Years,

Years, or more or less; and that time expir'd, they may contract a-new for longer time, or marry, or dispose of themselves as they shall see good; and these are ordinarily call'd *Gallopping Nuns*: Of these there are several *Orders*; as, *Chanoinesses*, *Begines*, *Quest's*, *Swart-Sisters*, and *Jesuitesses*, with several others I have forgot: Of those of the *Begines* was our *fair Votress*.

These *Orders* are taken up by the best Persons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not *inclos'd*, but in Palaces that will hold about fifteen hundred or two thousand of these *Fille-Devotes*, where they have a regulated Government, under a sort of *Abbe'ss*, or *Priore'ss*; or rather, a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a sort of *Obedience*. They wear an Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than

than what we have here, through which one cannot see the Face; for when they go abroad, they cover themselves all over with it, but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houses. Every one of these have a *Confessor*, who is to 'em a sort of Steward: For, you must know, they that go into these places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents design 'em. Without the Advice of this Confessor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he shall not approve of; at least, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almost all of 'em; though *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as these Women are, as I said, of the best Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and because there is a sort of difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the most courted,
and

and liable to the greatest Temptations; for as difficult as it seems to be, they receive Visits from all the Men of the best Quality, especially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Conversation meet at the Apartments of these fair *Fille Devotes*, where all manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of these Maids is to accomplish themselves for these noble Conversations. They receive *Presents, Balls, Serenades* and *Billets*: All the News, Wit, Verses, Songs, Novels, Musick, Gaming, and all fine Diversion, is in their *Apartments*, they themselves being of the best Quality and Fortune. So that to manage these *Gallantries*, there is no sort of Female Arts they are not practis'd in, no Intrigues they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy number was the fair *Miranda*, whose Parents being dead, and a vast Estate divided be-
tween

tween her self, and a young Sister (who liv'd with an unmarried old Uncle, whose Estate afterwards was all divided between 'em) put her self into this *uninclos'd Religious House*; but her Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Sisterhood*. She was tall, and admirably shap'd; she had a bright Hair, and *Hazle-Eyes*, all full of Love and Sweetness: No Art cou'd make a Face so fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dress shew'd the Lustre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as so much Youth cou'd inspire, yet so modest, so nobly reserv'd, without Formality, or Stiffness, that one who look'd on her wou'd have imagin'd her Soul the *Twin-Angel* of her Body; and both together, made her appear something *Divine*. To this she had a great deal of Wit, read much, and
retain'd

retain'd all that serv'd her purpose. She sung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the *Lute* to a Miracle. She spoke several Languages naturally; for being Co-heiress to so great a Fortune, she was bred with nicest Care, in all the finest manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needless to tell you how great a noise the Fame of this young Beauty, with so considerable a Fortune, made in the World; I may say, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the scanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or pass'd through the City, but made it his Business to see the lovely *Miranda*, who was universally ador'd: Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape and Majesty of Mein, and Air of Greatness, charm'd all her Beholders; and thousands of People were dying by her Eyes, while she was
vain

vain enough to glory in her Conquest, and make it her Business to wound. She lov'd nothing so much as to behold sighing Slaves at her Feet, of the greatest Quality; and created 'em all with an Affability that gave 'em Hope. Continual Musick as soon as it was dark, and Songs of *dying Lovers*, were sung under her Windows; and she might well have made her self a great Fortune (if she had not been so already) by the rich Presents that were hourly made her; and every Body daily expected when she wou'd make some one happy, by suffering her self to be conquer'd by *Love* and *Honour*, by the Assiduities and Vows of some one of her Adorers: But *Miranda* accepted their Presents, heard their Vows with pleasure, and willingly admitted all their soft Addresses; but wou'd not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Person to the Possession of one, who cou'd please it self with so many. She was naturally Amorous, but extremely Inconstant:

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constant : She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, a third for his Mein ; but above all, she admir'd *Quality* : *Quality* alone had the power to attack her entirely ; yet not to one Man, but that Vertue was still admir'd by her in all : where ever she found that, she lov'd, or at least acted the *Lover* with such Art, that (deceiving well) she fail'd not to compleat her Conquest ; and yet she never durst trust her fickle Humour with Marriage : She knew the strength of her own Heart, and that it cou'd not suffer it self to be confin'd to one Man, and wisely avoided those Inquietudes, and that Uneasiness of Life she was sure to find in that married Life, which wou'd, against her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whose Humour was, to love all the Young, and the Gay. But *Love*, who had hitherto but play'd with her Heart, and given it naught but pleasing, wanton Wounds, such as afforded only soft Joys, and not Pains, resolv'd,

solv'd, either out of Revenge to those Numbers she had abandon'd, and who had sigh'd so long in vain ; or to try what power he had upon so fickle a Heart, sent an Arrow dipp'd in the most tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts most sensible. He struck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion ; and being there one Day, accompany'd with a young Sister of the *Order*, after the *Mass* was ended, as 'tis the Custom, some one of the *Fathers* goes about the Church with a Box, for Contribution, or Charity-Money ; it happen'd that Day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carry'd the Box about, which, in his turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no sooner cast her Eyes on this young *Friar*, but her Face was overspread with Blushes of *Surprize* :
She

She beheld him stedfastly, and saw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit and Beauty ; he wanted no one Grace that cou'd form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the fair Sex, nor cou'd the mis-shapen Habit hide from her the lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor those delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Besides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great ; in spite of his profess'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality ; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But *Love*, who did not design she shou'd now feel any sort of those easie Flames with which she had heretofore burnt, made her soon lay all those Considerations aside which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd she knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till she perceiv'd the lovely *Friar* to blush, and cast his Eyes
to

to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and she put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in searching for her Purse, as if she thought of nothing less, than what she was about ; at last she drew it out, and gave him a Pistole ; but that with so much Deliberation and Leisure, as easily betray'd the Satisfaction she took in looking on him ; while the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeisance, proceeded to the rest ; and *Miranda* casting after him a Look all languishing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as soon as she saw him go out, and return'd to her Apartment, without speaking one Word all the Way to the young *Fille Devote* who attended her ; so absolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young *holy Man*. *Cornelia* (so was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving she was so silent, who us'd to be all Wit and good Humour, and observing her little Disorder at
C the

the Sight of the young Father, though she was far from imagining it to be *Love*, took an Occasion, when she was come home, to speak of him. *Madam*, said she, *did you not observe that fine young Cordelier, who brought the Box?* At a Question that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* blush'd; and the finding she did so, re-doubl'd her Confusion, and she had scarce Courage enough to say, — *Tes, I did observe him*: And then, forcing herself to smile a little, continu'd; *And I wonder'd to see so jolly a young Friar of an Order so severe, and mortify'd. Madam* (reply'd *Cornelia*) *when you know his Story, you will not wonder. Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, oblig'd her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

The

The Story of Prince Henrick.

YOU must know, *Madam*, ' that this young *holy Man* is ' a Prince of *Germany*, of the House ' of — whose Fate it was, to fall ' most passionately in Love with a ' fair young Lady, who lov'd him ' with an Ardour equal to what he ' vow'd her. Sure of her Heart, and ' wanting only the Approbation of ' her Parents, and his own, which ' her Quality did not suffer him to ' despair of, he boasted of his Happiness to a young Prince, his elder ' Brother, a Youth amorous and ' fierce, impatient of Joys, and sensible of Beauty, taking Fire with ' all fair Eyes: He was his Father's ' Darling, and Delight of his fond ' Mother; and by an Ascendant over both their Hearts, rul'd their ' Wills.

C-2

' This

' This young Prince no sooner
 ' saw, but lov'd the fair Mistress of
 ' his Brother, and with an Authori-
 ' ty of a Sovereign, rather than the
 ' Advice of a Friend, warn'd his
 ' Brother *Henrick* (this now young
 ' Friar) to approach no more this
 ' Lady, whom he had seen ; and
 ' seeing, lov'd.

' In vain the poor surpriz'd Prince
 ' pleads his Right of Love, his Ex-
 ' change of Vows, and Assurance of
 ' an Heart that cou'd never be but
 ' for himself. In vain he urges his
 ' Nearness of Blood, his Friendship,
 ' his Passion, or his Life, which so
 ' entirely depended on the Possession
 ' of the charming Maid. All his
 ' Pleading serv'd but to blow his
 ' Brother's Flame ; and the more he
 ' implores, the more the other
 ' burns ; and while *Henrick* follows
 ' him on his Knees, with humble
 ' Submissions, the other flies from
 ' him in Rages of transported Love ;
 ' nor

' nor cou'd his Tears, that pursu'd
 ' his Brother's Steps, move him to
 ' Pity : Hot-headed, vain-conceited
 ' of his Beauty, and greater Quality,
 ' as elder Brother, he doubts not his
 ' Success, and resolv'd to sacrifice all
 ' to the Violence of his new-born
 ' Passion.

' In short, he speaks of his De-
 ' sign to his Mother, who promis'd
 ' him her Assistance ; and according-
 ' ly, proposing it first to the Prince,
 ' her Husband, urging the Languish-
 ' ment of her Son, she soon wrought
 ' so on him, that a Match being con-
 ' cluded between the Parents of this
 ' young Beauty, and *Henrick's* Bro-
 ' ther, the Hour was appointed be-
 ' fore she knew of the Sacrifice she
 ' was to be made. And while this
 ' was in Agitation, *Henrick* was sent
 ' on some great Affairs, up into *Ger-*
 ' *many*, far out of the way ; not but
 ' his boading Heart, with perpetual
 ' Sighs and Throbs, eternally fore-
 ' told him his Fate.

' All the Letters he writ were in-
 ' tercepted, as well as those she writ
 ' to him. She finds her self every
 ' Day perplex'd with the Addresses of
 ' the Prince she hated ; he was ever
 ' sighing at her Feet. In vain were
 ' all her Reproaches, and all her
 ' Coldness, he was on the surer side ;
 ' for what he found Love wou'd not
 ' do, Force of Parents wou'd.

' She complains in her Heart on
 ' young *Henrick*, from whom she
 ' cou'd never receive one Letter ;
 ' and at last, cou'd not forbear
 ' bursting into Tears, in spite of
 ' all her Force, and feign'd Courage ;
 ' when on a Day the Prince told her,
 ' that *Henrick* was withdrawn, to
 ' give him time to court her, to
 ' whom, he said, He confess'd he had
 ' made some Vows, but did repent
 ' of 'em, knowing himself too young
 ' to make 'em good : That it was
 ' for that Reason he brought him
 ' first to see her ; and for that Rea-
 son

' son that after that, he never saw
 ' her more, nor so much as took
 ' leave of her ; (when, indeed, his
 ' Death lay upon the next Visit, his
 ' Brother having sworn to murder
 ' him ; and to that End, put a
 ' Guard upon him, till he was sent
 ' into *Germany*.)

' All this he utter'd with so many
 ' passionate Asseverations, Vows and
 ' seeming Pity for her being so in-
 ' humanely abandon'd, that she al-
 ' most gave Credit to all he had said,
 ' and had much a-do to keep her self
 ' within the Bounds of Moderation,
 ' and silent Grief. Her Heart was
 ' breaking, her Eyes languish'd, and
 ' her Cheeks grew pale, and she had
 ' like to have fallen dead into the
 ' treacherous Arms of him that had
 ' reduc'd her to this Discovery ; but
 ' she did what she cou'd to assume
 ' her Courage, and to shew as lit-
 ' tle Resentment as possible for a
 ' Heart, like hers, oppress'd with
 ' Love, and now abandon'd by the
 C 4 ' dear

' dear Subject of its Joys and
' Pains.

' But, Madam, not to tire you
' with this Adventure, the Day ar-
' riv'd wherein our still weeping fair
' Unfortunate was to be sacrific'd to
' the Capriciousness of Love; and she
' was carry'd to Court by her Pa-
' rents, without knowing to what
' End, where she was almost com-
' pell'd to marry the Prince.

' *Henrick*, who, all this while,
' knew no more of his Unhappiness,
' than what his Fears suggested, re-
' turns, and passes even to the Pre-
' sence of his Father, before he knew
' any thing of his Fortune; where
' he beheld his Mistress and his Bro-
' ther, with his Father, in such a Fa-
' miliarity, as he no longer doubted
' his Destiny. 'Tis hard to judge whe-
' ther the Lady or himself was most
' surpriz'd; she was all pale and un-
' moveable in her Chair, and *Hen-*
' *rick* fix'd like a Statue; at last
' Grief

' Grief and Rage took place of A-
' mazement, and he cou'd not for-
' bear crying out, *Ah, Traytor! Is*
' *it thus you have treated a Friend,*
' *and Brother? And you, O perjur'd*
' *Charmer! Is it thus you have re-*
' *warded all my Vows?* He cou'd
' say no more; but reeling against
' the Door, had fall'n in a Swown
' upon the Floor, had not his Page
' caught him in his Arms, who was
' entering with him. The good old
' Prince, the Father, who knew not
' what all this meant, was soon in-
' form'd by the young, weeping
' Princess; who, in relating the Sto-
' ry of her Amour with *Henrick*,
' told her Tale in so moving a man-
' ner, as brought Tears to the old
' Man's Eyes, and Rage to those of
' her Husband; he immediately
' grew jealous to the last Degree:
' He finds himself in Possession ('tis
' true) of the Beauty he ador'd, but
' the Beauty adoring another; a
' Prince, young, and Charming as
' the Light; soft, witty, and raging
' with

' with an equal Passion. He finds
 ' this dreaded Rival in the same
 ' House with him, with an Autho-
 ' rity equal to his own ; and fancies,
 ' where two Hearts are so entirely
 ' agreed, and have so good an Un-
 ' derstanding, it wou'd not be im-
 ' possible to find Opportunities to
 ' satisfy and ease that mutual Flame
 ' that burnt so equally in both ; he
 ' therefore resolv'd to send him out
 ' of the World, and to establish his
 ' own Repose by a Deed, wicked,
 ' cruel and unnatural, to have him
 ' assassinated the first Opportunity
 ' he cou'd find. This Resolution set
 ' him a little at ease, and he strove
 ' to dissemble Kindness to *Henrick*,
 ' with all the Art he was capable of,
 ' suffering him to come often to the
 ' Apartment of the Princess, and to
 ' entertain her oftentimes with Dis-
 ' course, when he was not near e-
 ' nough to hear what he spoke ; but
 ' still watching their Eyes, he found
 ' those of *Henrick* full of Tears, rea-
 ' dy to flow, but restrain'd, looking
 ' all

' all dying, and yet reproaching,
 ' while those of the Princess were
 ' ever bent to the Earth, and she, as
 ' much as possible, shunning his Con-
 ' versation. Yet this did not satis-
 ' fie the jealous Husband ; 'twas not
 ' her Complaisance that cou'd ap-
 ' pease him ; he found her Heart was
 ' panting within when-ever *Henrick*
 ' approach'd her, and every Visit
 ' more and more confirm'd his
 ' Death.

' The Father often found the Dis-
 ' orders of the Sons ; the Softness
 ' and Address of the one gave him
 ' as much Fear, as the angry Blush-
 ' ings, the fierce Looks, and broken
 ' Replies of the other, when-ever
 ' he beheld *Henrick* approach his
 ' Wife : So that the Father fearing
 ' some ill Consequence of this, be-
 ' sought *Henrick* to withdraw to
 ' some other Country, or travel in-
 ' to *Italy*, he being now of an Age
 ' that requir'd a View of the World.
 ' He told his Father, that he wou'd
 ' obey

'obey his Commands, though he
 'was certain, that Moment he was
 'to be separated from the sight of
 'the fair Princess, his Sister, wou'd
 'be the last of his Life ; and, in fine,
 'made so pitiful a Story of his suffering
 'Love, as almost mov'd the old
 'Prince to compassionate him so far,
 'as to permit him to stay ; but he
 'saw inevitable Danger in that, and
 'therefore bid him prepare for his
 'Journey.

' That which pass'd between the
 ' Father and *Henrick* being a Secret,
 ' none talk'd of his departing from
 ' Court ; so that the Design the Brother
 ' had, went on ; and making
 ' an Hunting-match one Day, where
 ' most young People of Quality
 ' were, he order'd some whom he
 ' had hir'd to follow his Brother, so
 ' as if he chanc'd to go out of the
 ' Way, to dispatch him ; and accordingly,
 ' Fortune gave 'em an Opportunity ;
 ' for he lagg'd behind the Company,
 ' and turn'd aside into a
 ' pleasant

' pleasant Thicket of Hazles ; where
 ' alighting, he walk'd on foot in the
 ' most pleasant part of it, full of
 ' Thought how to divide his Soul
 ' between Love and Obedience. He
 ' was sensible that he ought not to
 ' stay, that he was but an Affliction
 ' to the young Princess, whose Honour
 ' cou'd never permit her to eat
 ' any part of his Flame ; nor was he
 ' so vitious, to entertain a Thought
 ' that shou'd stain her Vertue. He
 ' beheld her now as his Brother's
 ' Wife, and that secur'd his Flame
 ' from all loose Desires, if her native
 ' Modesty had not been sufficient of
 ' it self to have done it, and that profound
 ' Respect he pay'd her : And
 ' he consider'd, in obeying his Father,
 ' he left her at ease, and his
 ' Brother freed of a thousand Fears ;
 ' he went to seek a Cure, which if
 ' he cou'd not find, at last he cou'd
 ' but die ; and so he must, even at
 ' her Feet : However, that 'twas
 ' more noble to seek a Remedy for
 ' his Disease, than expect a certain
 ' Death

' Death by staving. After a thou-
 ' sand Reflections on his hard Fate,
 ' and bemoaning himself, and bla-
 ' ming his cruel Stars, that had
 ' doom'd him to die so young; af-
 ' ter an infinity of Sighs and Tears,
 ' Resolvings and Unresolvings, he
 ' on the suddain was interrupted by
 ' the Trampling of some Horses he
 ' heard, and their rushing through
 ' the Boughs, and saw four Men
 ' make towards him: He had not
 ' time to mount, being walk'd some
 ' Paces from his Horse. One of the
 ' Men advanc'd, and cry'd, *Prince,*
 ' *you must die.----- I do believe thee*
 ' *(reply'd Henrick) but not by a*
 ' *Hand so base as thine:* And at the
 ' same time, drawing his Sword,
 ' run him into the Groin. When
 ' the Fellow found himself so woun-
 ' ded, he wheel'd off, and cry'd,
 ' *Thou art a Prophet, and hast re-*
 ' *warded my Treachery with Death.*
 ' The rest came up, and one shot at
 ' the Prince, and shot him into the
 ' Shoulder; the other two hastily
 ' laying

' laying hold (but too late) on the
 ' Hand of the Murtherer, cry'd,
 ' *Hold, Traytor; we relent, and he*
 ' *shall not die.* He reply'd, *'Tis too*
 ' *late, he is shot; and see, he lies*
 ' *dead: Let us provide for our*
 ' *selves, and tell the Prince, we have*
 ' *done the Work; for you are as guil-*
 ' *ty as I am.* At that they all fled,
 ' and left the Prince lying under a
 ' Tree, weltering in his Blood.

' About the Evening, the Forester
 ' going his Walks, saw the Horse
 ' richly caparison'd, without a Ri-
 ' der, at the Entrance of the Wood;
 ' and going farther, to see if he cou'd
 ' find its Owner, found there the
 ' Prince almost dead: He imme-
 ' diately mounts him on the Horse,
 ' and himself behind, bore him up,
 ' and carry'd him to the Lodge;
 ' where he had only one old Man,
 ' his Father, well skill'd in Surgery,
 ' and a Boy. They put him to Bed,
 ' and the old Forester, with what
 ' Art he had, dress'd his Wound,
 ' and

' and in the Morning sent for an
 ' abler Surgeon, to whom the Prince
 ' enjoin'd Secrecy , because he
 ' knew him. The Man was faith-
 ' ful, and the Prince, in time, was
 ' recover'd of his Wound ; and as
 ' soon as he was well, he came for
 ' *Flanders*, in the Habit of a *Pil-*
 ' *grim*, and after some time, took
 ' the Order of *St. Francis* , none
 ' knowing what became of him, till
 ' he was profess'd ; and then he writ
 ' his own Story to the Prince his
 ' Father, to his Mistress, and his
 ' ungrateful Brother. The young
 ' Princess did not long survive his
 ' Loss, she languish'd from the Mo-
 ' ment of his Departure; and he had
 ' this to confirm his devout Life, to
 ' know she dy'd for him.

' My Brother, Madam , was an
 ' Officer under the Prince, his Fa-
 ' ther, and knew his Story perfect-
 ' ly well ; from whose Mouth I
 ' had it.

What

What ! (reply'd Miranda then)
is Father Henrick a Man of Quali-
ty ? Yes, Madam, (said Cornelia,)
and has chang'd his Name to Fran-
cisco. But Miranda, fearing to be-
tray the Sentiments of her Heart,
by asking any more Questions about
him , turn'd the Discourse ; and
some Persons of Quality came in
to visit her (for her Apartment
was, about Six a-Clock, like the
Presence-Chamber of a Queen, al-
ways fill'd with the greatest Peo-
ple.) There meet all the Beaux E-
spreets, and all the Beauties. But
it was visible Miranda was not so
gay as she us'd to be ; but pensive,
and answering Mal a propo, to all
that was said to her. She was a
thousand times going to speak, a-
gainst her Will, something of the
charming Friar , who was never
from her Thoughts ; and she ima-
gin'd, if he cou'd inspire Love in a
course, gray, ill-made Habit, a
shorn Crown, a Hair-Cord about his
D Waste,

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 D Waste,

Waste, bare leg'd, in Sandals instead of Shooes, what must he do, when looking back on Time, she beholds him in a prospect of Glory, with all that Youth and Illustrious Beauty set off by the Advantage of Dress and Equipage. She frames an *Idea* of him all gay and splendid, and looks on his present Habit as some Disguise proper for the Stealths of Love; some feign'd put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Mistress, and make himself happy; and that, the Robe laid by, she has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the same he wou'd have been if any other Habit (though never so rich) were put off: In the Bed, the silent, gloomy Night, and the soft Embraces of her Arms, he loses all the *Friar*, and assumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his holy Habit, he exchanges for a thousand Dalliances for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happiness of Life. Some Moments she fancies

flies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart has left no room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almost as soon as born, she turn'd to her Advantage: She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart sensible and tender; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inspire; he was far from the lov'd Object, and totally without Hope; and she reasonably consider'd, that Flame wou'd of it self soon die, that had only Despair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glass, told her, they never fail'd of Conquest; especially, where they design'd it: And she believ'd *Henrick* wou'd be glad, at least, to quench that Flame in himself, by an Amour with her, which was kindl'd by the young Princess of — his Sister.

These, and a thousand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiscreet,
D 2 took

took up her waking Nights, and now more retir'd Days ; while *Love*, to make her truly wretched, suffer'd her to sooth her self with fond Imaginations ; not so much as permitting her Reason to plead one Moment, to save her from Undoing : She wou'd not suffer it to tell her, he had taken holy Orders, made sacred and solemn Vows of everlasting Chastity, that 'twas impossible he cou'd marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruin ; but *Love*, mad, malicious *Love* was always call'd to Counsel, and, like easie Monarchs, she had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, she is resolv'd to love, without considering to what End, and what must be the Consequence of such an Amour. She now miss'd no Day of being at that little Church, where she had the Happiness, or rather, the Misfortune (so *Love* ordain'd) to see this Ravisher of her Heart and Soul ; and every
Day

Day she took new Fire from his lovely Eyes : Unawares, unknown and unwillingly he gave her Wounds, and the difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more : She burnt, she languish'd, and dy'd for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of so much Mischief.

Now she revolves a thousand Ways in her tortur'd Mind, to let him know her Anguish, and at last pitch'd upon that of writing to him soft Billets, which she had learnt the Art of doing ; or if she had not, she had now Fire enough to inspire her with all that cou'd charm and move. These she deliver'd to a young Wench who waited on her, and whom she had entirely subdu'd to her Interest, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very simple, harmless Wretch, and who serv'd in the Kitchen in the nature of a Cook in the Monastery of *Cordeliers* : She gave him Gold to secure his Faith and Service ; and

not knowing from whence they came (with so good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Francisco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you shall hear, produc'd in open Court. These Letters fail'd not to come every Day; and the Sence of the first was, to tell him that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her; but it came as from a third Person, to let him know the Secret, that she desir'd he wou'd let her know whether she might hope any Return from him; assuring him, he needed but only see the fair Languisher, to confess himself her Slave.

This Letter, being deliver'd him, he read by himself, and was surpriz'd to receive Words of this nature, being so great a Stranger in that place; and cou'd not imagine, or wou'd not give himself the trouble of guessing who this shou'd be,
because

because he never design'd to make Returns.

The next Day *Miranda*, finding no Advantage from her Messenger of Love, in the Evening sends another (impatient of Delay) confessing that she who suffer'd the Shame of Writing and Imploring, was the Person her self who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her say all things that discover'd the nature of its Flame, and propose to flee with him to any part of the World, if he wou'd quit the Convent; that she had a Fortune considerable enough to make him happy, and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to so unprofitable an End as to lose themselves in a Convent, where Poverty and Ease was all their Business. In fine, she leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to send him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her

Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Passion she profess'd. To all which the lovely *Friar* made no Return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her wou'd but inflame her the more, and give new Occasions for her continuing to write. All her Reasonings, false and vitious, he despis'd, pities the Error of her Love, and was Proof against all she cou'd plead. Yet notwithstanding his Silence, which left her in doubt, and more tormented her, she ceas'd not to pursue him with her Letters, varying her Style; sometimes all wanton, loose and raving; sometimes feigning a Virgin-Modesty all over, accusing her self, blaming her Conduct, and sighing her Destiny, as one compell'd to the shameful Discovery by the Austerity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveness; urging him in Charity to use his fatherly Care to perswade and reason with her wild Desires, and by his Counsel drive the God from her Heart,

Heart, whose Tyranny was worse than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But still she writes in vain, in vain she varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid possess'd with such a sort of Passion.

This cold Neglect was still Oil to the burning Lamp, and she tries yet more Arts, which, for want of right Thinking, were as fruitless. She has recourse to Presents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this sort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this Occasion alone he sent her a Letter, and restor'd her Trifles, as he call'd em: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he writ to her with all the profound Respect imaginable; believing by her Presents, and the Liberality with which she parted with 'em, that she was of Quality.

Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to persuade her from the Honour she did him, by loving him; urging a thousand Reasons, solid and pious, and assuring her, he had wholly devoted the rest of his Days to Heaven, and had no need of those gay Trifles she had sent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies so fair as her self, and who had business with this glittering World, which he disdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He sent her a thousand Blessings, and told her, she shou'd be ever in his Prayers, though not in his Heart, as she desir'd: And abundance of Goodness more he express'd, and Counsel he gave her, which had the same Effect with his Silence; it made her Love but the more, and the more impatient she grew: She now had a new Occasion to write, she now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Resolution, and endeavours to re-call him to the World, by all the Arguments

Arguments that Humane Invention is capable of.

But when she had above four Months languish'd thus in vain, not missing one Day, wherein she went not to see him, without discovering her self to him; she resolv'd, as her last Effort, to shew her Person, and see what that, assisted by her Tears, and soft Words from her Mouth, cou'd do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when she was to receive the Sacrament, that she, covering her self with her Veil, came to *Vespers*, purposing to make choice of the conquering *Friar* for her Confessor.

She approach'd him; and as she did so, she trembl'd with Love: At last she cry'd, *Father, my Confessor is gone for some time from the Town, and I am oblig'd to morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confession.* He

He cou'd not refuse her; and led her into the *Sacriste*, where there is a Confession-Chair, in which he seated himself; and on one side of him she kneel'd down, over against a little Altar, where the Priests Robes lie, on which was plac'd some lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little place very light and splendid, which shone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation usual in Confession, she turn'd up her Veil, and discover'd to his View the most wond'rous Object of Beauty he had ever seen, dress'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Lustre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was surpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and question'd whether he saw a Woman or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, seem'd to be form'd
of

of polish'd Alabafter; and he confess'd, he had never seen any thing in Nature so perfect, and so admirable.

He had some pain to compose himself to hear her Confession, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object so diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the finest Mouth in the World, and discovering new Charms, began her Confession.

Holy Father (said she;) amongst the number of my vile Offences, that which afflicts me to the greatest Degree is, that I am in Love: Not (continu'd she) that I believe simple, and vertuous Love a Sin, when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and suitable; but, my dear Father, (said she, and wept,) I love with a Violence which cannot be contain'd within the Bounds of Reason, Moderation, or Vertue. I love a Man whom I cannot
not

not possess without a Crime, and a Man who cannot make me happy without becoming perjur'd. Is he marry'd? (reply'd the Father.) No; (answer'd Miranda.) Are you so? (continu'd he.) Neither; (said she. Is he too near ally'd to you? (said Francisco:) a Brother, or Relation? Neither of these, (said she:) He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd; and so am I: Nothing opposes our Happiness, or makes my Love a Vice, but you: — 'Tis you deny me Life: 'Tis you that forbids my Flame: 'Tis you will have me die, and seek my Remedy in my Grave, when I complain of Tortures, Wounds and Flames. O cruel Charmer, 'tis for you I languish; and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity which all my Addresses have fail'd of procuring me.-----

With that, perceiving he was about to rise from his Seat, she held him by his Habit, and vow'd she wou'd in that posture follow him,
where-

where-ever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice so loud, he was afraid she might be heard, and therefore suffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being seated, he began, in the most passionate Terms imaginable, to disswade her; but finding she but the more persisted in Eagerness of Passion, he us'd all the tender Assurance that he cou'd force from himself, that he wou'd have for her all the Respect, Esteem and Friendship that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compassion for her; and at last, she prevail'd so far with him by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderness for her, and that he cou'd not behold so many Charms, without being sensibly touch'd by 'em, and finding all those Effects that a Maid so young and fair causes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Sense: But that, as he was assur'd he cou'd never be so happy to marry her, and as certain he cou'd not grant any thing but
honou-

honourable Passion, he humbly besought her not to expect more from him than such ; and then began to tell her how short Life was, and transitory its Joys ; how soon she wou'd grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repose in it, but never arrive to it. He made an End by new Assurance of his eternal Friendship, but utterly forbad her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, 'with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears and Knees, imploring, as she lay, holding fast his *Scapular* , and embracing his Feet. What shall she do ? She swells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Desire ; her burning Heart is bursting with Despair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief, she rises to a Storm ; and in her Agony of Passion, which looks all disdainful, haughty, and full of Rage, she began to revile him, as the poorest of Animals : Tells him, his Soul
was

was dwindl'd to the Meanness of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were suited to his degenerate Mind. *And (said she) since all my nobler Ways have fail'd me ; and that, for a little hypocritical Devotion, you resolve to lose the greatest Blessings of Life, and to sacrifice me to your religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Dissimulation ; or you shall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore answer me immediately, answer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindl'd ; or here, in this very Moment, I will ruin thee ; and make no Scruple of revenging the Pains I suffer, by that which shall take away your Life and Honour.*

The trembling young Man, who, all this while, with extream Anguish of Mind, and Fear of the dire Result, had listen'd to her Ravings, full of Dread, demanded what she wou'd have him do. When she reply'd, ——— *Do that which thy Youth*
E and

*and Beauty were ordain'd to do :
 ———This place is private, a sacred
 Silence reigns here, and no one dares
 to pry into the Secrets of this holy
 place : We are as secure from Fears
 of Interruption, as in Desarts unin-
 habited, or Caves forsaken by wild
 Beasts. The Tapers too shall veil
 their Lights, and only that glimme-
 ring Lamp shall be Witness of our
 dear Stealths of Love. -----Come to
 my Arms, my trembling, longing
 Arms; and curse the Folly of thy
 Bigottry, that has made thee so long
 lose a Blessing, for which so many
 Princes sigh in vain.*

*At these Words she rose from his
 Feet, and snatching him in her
 Arms, he cou'd not defend himself
 from receiving a thousand Kisses
 from the lovely Mouth of the char-
 ming Wanton; after which, she ran
 her self, and in an instant put out
 the Candles. But he cry'd to her,
 In vain, O too indiscreet fair One;
 in vain you put out the Light; for
 Heaven*

*Heaven still has Eyes, and will look
 down upon my broken Vows. I own
 your Power, I own I have all the
 Sense in the World of your charming
 Touches; I am frail Flesh and Blood,
 but yet----yet-----yet I can resist; and
 I prefer my Vows to all your powerful
 Temptations. -----I will be deaf and
 blind, and guard my Heart with
 Walls of Ice, and make you know,
 that when the Flames of true Devo-
 tion are kindled in a Heart, it puts
 out all other Fires; which are as in-
 effectual, as Candles lighted in the
 Face of the Sun. ----Go, vain Wanton,
 and repent, and mortifie that Blood
 which has so shamefully betray'd thee,
 and which will one Day ruin both thy
 Soul and Body.-----*

*At these Words Miranda, more
 enrag'd, the nearer she imagin'd her
 self to Happiness, made no Reply;
 but throwing her self, in that in-
 stant, into the Confessing-Chair, and
 violently pulling the young Friar
 into her Lap, she elevated her Voice*

to such a degree, in crying out, *Help, help: A Rape: Help, help,* that she was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the Sacristy, which was shut with a Spring-lock on the in-side, but they durst not open the Door.

'Tis easily to be imagin'd, in what Condition our young *Friar* was, at this last devilish Stratagem of his wicked Mistress. He strove to break from those Arms that held him so fast; and his buittling to get away, and hers to retain him, disorder'd her Hair and her Habit to such a degree, as gave the more Credit to her false Accusation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other side, by which they usually enter'd, to dress in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an instant made 'em, they hasted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father
very

very indecently struggling; which they mis-interpreted, as *Miranda* desir'd; who, all in Tears, immediately threw her self at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of those that enter'd; and cry'd, *O holy Father, revenge an innocent Maid, undone and lost to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monster, born of Goats, nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on savage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, cou'd it have enter'd into the Heart of Man, to have done so barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unspotted Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the Moment of my Confession, in that holy time, when I was prostrate before him and Heaven, confessing those Sins that press'd my tender Conscience; even then to load my Soul with the blackest of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that must sink me to Hell? Alas, under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and*
E 3 *his*

his awful Function, I was lead into this Room, to make my Confession ; where, he locking the Door, I had no sooner began, but he gazing on me, took Fire at my fatal Beauty ; and starting up, put out the Candles, and caught me in his Arms ; and raising me from the Pavement, set me in the Confession-Chair ; and then----- Oh, spare me the rest.

With that a Shower of Tears burst from her fair dissembling Eyes, and Sobs so naturally acted, and so well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all she had spoken was Truth.

-----*At first, (proceeded she,) I was unwilling to bring so great a Scandal on his Order, as to cry out ; but struggl'd as long as I had Breath, pleaded the heinousness of the Crime ; urging my Quality, and the danger of the Attempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, and ruffling as a Storm, pursu'd his wild Design with so much*
Force

Force and Insolence, as I at last, unable to resist, was wholly vanquish'd, robb'd of my native Purity : With what Life and Breath I had, I call'd for Assistance, both from Men and Heaven ; but Oh, alafs ! your Succours come too late :----- You find me here a wretched, undone and ravish'd Maid. Revenge me, Fathers ; revenge me on the perfidious Hypocrite, or else give me a Death that may secure your Cruelty and Injustice from ever being proclaim'd o'er the World ; or my Tongue will be eternally reproaching you, and cursing the wicked Author of my Infamy.

She ended as she began, with a thousand Sighs and Tears ; and receiv'd from the Provincial all Assurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all this while she was speaking, heard her with an Astonishment that may easily be imagin'd ; yet shew'd no extravagant Signs of it,

as those wou'd do, who feign it to be thought innocent; but being really so, he bore, with an humble, modest, and blushing Countenance, all her Accusations: Which silent Shame they mistook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he cou'd answer for himself; calling him Prophaner of his sacred Vows, and Infamy to the holy Order; the Injur'd, but the innocently Accus'd, only reply'd, *May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance: For his part, he was not so much in love with Life, as to use many Arguments to justify his Innocence; unless it were to free that Order from a Scandal, of which he had the Honour to be profess'd: But as for himself, Life or Death were things indifferent to him, who heartily despis'd the World.*

He

He said no more, and suffer'd himself to be led before the Magistrate; who committed him to Prison, upon the Accusation of this implacable Beauty; who, with so much feign'd Sorrow, prosecuted the Matter, even to his Trial and Condemnation; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himself. But being daily visited by all the *Religious*, both of his own, and other *Orders*, they oblig'd him (some of 'em knowing the Austerity of his Life, others his Cause of Grievs that first brought him into *Orders*, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge even of his Soul it self) to stand upon his Justification, and discover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whose Life had not been so exemplary for Vertue, not to have given the World a thousand Suspicions of her Lewdness and Prostitution.

The daily Importunities of these Fathers made him produce her Letters :

ters: But as he had all the Gown-Men on his side, she had all the Hatts and Feathers on hers; all the Men of Quality taking her Part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Protestations and Vows, but not a Word of what passed at Confession was yet discover'd: He held that as a Secret sacred on his part; and what was said in nature of a Confession, was not to be reveal'd, though his Life depended on the Discovery. But as to the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expos'd; however, Matters were carry'd with so high a Hand against him, that they serv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at last condemn'd to be burn'd at the Market-place.

After his Sentence was pass'd, the whole Body of Priests made their Addresses to Marquis *Casteil Roderigo*, the then Governor of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve; which, after much a-do, was granted him for
some

some Weeks, but with an absolute Denial of Pardon; so prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this fair *Filt*.

About this time, while the poor, innocent young *Henrick* was thus languishing in Prison, in a dark and dismal Dungeon; and *Miranda*, cur'd of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting, and daily gaining new Conquests; and who, by this time, had re-assum'd all her wonted Gaity, there was a great Noise about the Town, That a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd; a Prince young, and gloriously attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had also heard, that some Years before, he being about Eighteen

teen Years of Age, in the time when our King *Charles* of blessed Memory was in *Bruxels*, in the last Year of his Banishment, that all on a sudden, this young Man rose up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazling, demanding Place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himself Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the last Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that, he travell'd for about six Years up and down the World, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the time of my being sent thither by His Late Majesty.

Perhaps there cou'd be nothing seen so magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I said, extreamly handsome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the best Advantage. His Parts were suitable to the rest: He had an Accomplishment fit for a Prince, an
Air

Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, easie in Conversation, and very Entertaining, Liberal and Good-natur'd, Brave and Inoffensive. I have seen him pass the Streets with twelve Foot-men, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats, lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Trunks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, suitable to a great Man.

He was all the Discourse of the Town; some laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Imposture; others, that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendships with him, others wou'd have nothing to say to him; but all wonder'd where this Revenue was, that supported this Grandure; and believ'd, though he cou'd make his Descent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he cou'd not lay so good a Claim to the
Roman

Roman Land. Thus every Body medled with what they had nothing to do ; and, as in other places, thought themselves on the surer side, if, in these doubtful Cases, they imagin'd the worst.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him, the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young, handsome Prince, and a Prince not to be resisted : He had all their Wishes, all their Eyes, and all their Hearts : They now dress'd only for him ; and what Church he grac'd, was sure, that Day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themselves so.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the last Conquest he made. She no sooner heard of him, which was as soon as he arriv'd, but she fell in love with his very Name. *Jesu !-----* A young King of *Rome* ! Oh, 'twas so novel, that she doated on the Title ; and
had

had not car'd whether the rest had been Man or Monkey almost : She was resolv'd to be the *Lucretia*, that this young *Tarquin* shou'd ravish.

To this End, she was no sooner up the next Day, but she sent him a *Billet-Deaux*, assuring him how much she admir'd his Fame ; and that being a Stranger in the Town, she begg'd the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle-Conversations*, &c. Which he took for the Invitation of some *Coquet*, who had Interest in fair Ladies ; and civilly return'd her an Answer, that he wou'd wait on her. She had him that Day watch'd to Church ; and impatient to see what she heard so many People flock to see, she went also to the same Church ; those sanctified Abodes being too often prophan'd by such *Devotee's*, whose Business is to ogle and ensnare.

But what a Noise and Humming was heard all over the Church when
Tarquin

Tarquin enter'd; his Grace, his Mein, his Fashion, his Beauty, his Dress, and his Equipage surpriz'd all that were present: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, she got to kneel at the Side of the Altar, just over-against the Prince; so that, if he wou'd, he cou'd not avoid looking full upon her. She had turn'd up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd such, and so enchanting as I have describ'd: And her Beauty heighten'd with Blushes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy to find the young *Roman* Monarch so charming, she appear'd like something more than mortal, and compell'd his Eyes to a fix'd Gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that way, but she met 'em; and then wou'd feign so modest a Shame, and cast her Eyes downward with such inviting Art, that he was wholly ravish'd and charm'd, and she over-joy'd to find he was so.

The

The Ceremony being ended, he sent a Page to follow that Lady home, himself pursuing her to the Door of the Church; where he took some *Holy Water*, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent Look, and a modest Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and pass'd forward, half assur'd of her Conquest; leaving him to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who saw this first Beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curse and envy her Charms, who had depriv'd 'em of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Visit; and from that Day, never left her Apartment, but when he went home at Nights, or unless he had Business; so entirely was he conquer'd by this fair One. But the Bishop, and several

F

Men

Men of Quality in Orders, that profess'd Friendship to him, advis'd him from her Company ; and spoke several things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaim'd him from the Pursuit of his Ruin. But whatever they trusted him with, she had the Art to wind her self about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets ; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him dis-believe all. So that he had no Faith, but for her ; and was wholly enchanted and bewitch'd by her, at last, in spite of all that wou'd have oppos'd it, he marry'd this famous Woman, possess'd by so many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great House ; and as she was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princess, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their
Quality ;

Quality ; all was splendid and magnificent. But all this wou'd not acquire 'em the World's Esteem ; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, despis'd her ; and for his espousing a Woman so infamous, they despis'd him. So that though they admir'd, and gaz'd upon their Equipage, and glorious Dress, they fore-saw the Ruin that attended it ; and pay'd her Quality very little Respect.

She was no sooner marry'd, but her Uncle dy'd ; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Sister, and leaves the young Heiress, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princess.

We will call this Sister *Alcidiana* ; she was about Fourteen Years of Age, and now had chosen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian.

If *Alcidiana* were not altogether so great a Beauty as her Sister, she had Charms sufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, though her Fortune had not been so considerable as it was ; but with that Addition, you may believe, she wanted no Courtships from those of the best Quality ; though every Body deplored her being under the Tutorage of a Lady so expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and so cunning a Manager of Sin, as was the Princess ; who, on her part, faild not, by all the Caresses, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to subdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senses were eternally regal'd with the most bewitching Pleasures they were capable of : She saw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Musick of the sweetest Sounds ; the richest Perfumes employ'd her Smelling, and all she eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting ;

ting ; and being too young to consider how this State and Grandure was to be continu'd, little imagin'd her vast Fortune was every Day diminishing, towards its needless Support.

When the Princess went to Church, she had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cushion, with great golden Tassels, for her to kneel on, and her Train born up a most prodigious length ; led by a Gentleman-Usher, bare ; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages and Women. And in this State she wou'd walk in the Streets, as in those Countries 'tis the Fashion for the great Ladies to do, who are well ; and in her Train, two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, wou'd follow in State.

'Twas thus for some time they liv'd, and the Princess was daily press'd by young fighting Lovers, for

F 3 her

her Consent to marry *Alcidiana* ; but she had still one Art or other to put 'em off, and so continually broke all the great Matches that were propos'd to her , notwithstanding their Kindred, and other Friends, had industriously endeavour'd to make several great Matches for her ; but the Princess was still positive in her Denial, and one way or other broke all. At last it happen'd, there was one propos'd yet more advantageous ; a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew passionately in Love, and besought her Sister to consent that she might have him, and got the Prince to speak in her Behalf ; but he had no sooner heard the secret Reasons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he chang'd his Mind, and suited it to hers, and she, as before, broke off that Amour ; which so extreamly incens'd *Alcidiana*, that she, taking an Opportunity , got from her Guard, and ran away, putting her self into the Hands of a wealthy Merchant,

Merchant, her Kins-man, and one who bore the greatest Authority in the City ; him she chuses for her Guardian, resolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Sister. And so well she order'd Matters, that she writ to this young Cavalier, her last Lover, and retriev'd him ; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtship.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard matter to persuade all but the Princess : But though she oppos'd it, it was resolv'd on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded ; demanded only, but never to be pay'd, the best part of it being spent. However, she put 'em off from Day to Day, by a thousand frivolous Delays : And when she saw they wou'd have recourse to Force, and that all her Magnificence wou'd be at an End, if the Law shou'd prevail against her ; and that, without this Sister's Fortune, she cou'd not long

F 4 support

support her Grandure, she be-
thought her self of a Means to make
it all her own, by getting her Sister
made away; but she being out of
her Tuition, she was not able to ac-
complish so great a Deed of Dark-
ness: But since 'twas resolv'd it
must be done, she revolves on a
thousand Stratagems; and at last,
pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page, call'd *Van Brune*;
a Youth of great Address and Wit,
and one she had long manag'd for
her purpose. This Youth was about
Seventeen Years of Age, and ex-
treamly beautiful; and in the time
when *Alcidiana* liv'd with the Prin-
cess, she was a little in love with
this handsome Boy; but 'twas
check'd in its Infancy, and never
grew up to a Flame: Nevertheless,
Alcidiana retain'd still a sort of
Tenderness for him, while he burn'd
in good earnest with Love for the
Princess.

The

The Princess one Day ordering
this Page to wait on her in her Clo-
set, she shut the Door; and after a
thousand Questions of what he
wou'd undertake to serve her, the
amorous Boy, finding himself alone,
and caress'd by the fair Person he
ador'd, with joyful Blushes, that
beautify'd his Face, told her, *There
was nothing upon Earth, he wou'd not
do, to obey her least Commands.* She
grew more familiar with him, to
oblige him; and seeing Love dance
in his Eyes, of which she was so
good a Judge, she treated him more
like a Lover, than a Servant; till
at last the ravish'd Youth, wholly
transported out of himself, fell at
her Feet, and impatiently implor'd
to receive her Commands quickly,
that he might fly to execute 'em;
for he was not able to bear her char-
ming Words, Looks and Touches,
and retain his Duty. At this she
smil'd, and told him, the Work was
of such a nature, as wou'd mortifie
all

all Flames about him; and he wou'd have more need of Rage, Envy and Malice, than the Aids of a Passion so soft as what she now found him capable of. He assur'd her, he wou'd stick at nothing, though even against his Nature, to recompence for the Boldness he now, through Indiscretion, had discover'd. She smiling, told him, he had committed no Fault; and that possibly, the Pay he shou'd receive for the Service she requir'd at his Hands, shou'd be -----what he most wish'd for in the World. To this he bow'd to the Earth; and kissing her Feet, bad her command. And then she boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Sister Alcadiana.* The Youth, without so much as starting, or pawing upon the Matter, told her, *It shou'd be done*; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Closet. She call'd him back, and wou'd have given him some Instruction; but he refus'd it, and said, *The Action, and the Contrivance shou'd be all his own.* And

And offering to go again, she----- again re-call'd him; putting into his Hand a Purse of a hundred Pistols, which he took; and with a low Bow, departed.

He no sooner left her Presence, but he goes directly and buys a Dose of Poyson, and went immediately to the House where *Alcadiana* liv'd; where, desiring to be brought to her Presence, he fell a-weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and dismiss'd him her Service; and since, from a Child, he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly besought *Alcadiana* to receive him into hers, she being in a few Days to be marry'd. There needed not much Intreaty to a thing that pleas'd her so well, and she immediately receiv'd him to Pension. And he waited some Days on her, before he cou'd get an Opportunity to administer his Devilish Potion: But one Night, when she drunk Wine with roasted Apples, which

which was usual with her ; instead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the baneful Drug was mix'd, and she drank it down.

About this time there was a great Talk of this Page's coming from one Sister, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the Design, from the Beginning to the End, hearing some Men of Quality at his Table speaking of *Van Brune's* Change of Place (the Princess then keeping her Chamber upon some trifling Indisposition) he answer'd, *That surely they were mistaken, that he was not dismiss'd from the Princess's Service.* And calling some of his Servants, he ask'd for *Van Brune* ; and whether any thing had happen'd between Her Highness and him, that had occasion'd his being turn'd off. They all seem'd ignorant of this Matter ; and those who had spoke of it, began to fancy there was some Juggle in the Case, which Time would bring to Light. The

The ensuing Day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was poyson'd ; and though not dead, yet very near it ; and that the Doctors said, she had taken *Mercury*. So that there was never so formidable a Sight as this fair young Creature ; her Head and Body swell'd, her Eyes starting out, her Face black, and all deform'd : So that diligent Search was made, who it shou'd be that did this ; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examin'd, the Foot-men call'd to an Account ; but all concluded, she receiv'd nothing, but from the Hand of her new Page, since he came into her Service. He was examin'd, and shew'd a thousand guilty Looks : And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, prov'd he had bought *Mercury* of him three or four Days before ; which he cou'd not deny ; and making Excuses for his buying it, betray'd him the more ; so ill he chanc'd

chanc'd to dissemble. He was immediately sent to be examin'd by the Margrave or Justice, who made his *Mittimas*, and sent him to Prison.

'Tis easie to imagine in what Fears and Confusion the Princess was at this News: She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indisposition. And the Doctors apply'd such Remedies to *Alcidiana*, such Antidotes against the Poyson, that in a short time she recover'd; but lost the finest Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arriv'd, *Van Brune* was try'd the first of all; every Body having already read his Destiny, according as they wish'd it; and none wou'd believe, but just indeed as it was: So that for the Revenge they hop'd

hop'd to see fall upon the Princess, every one wish'd he might find no Mercy, that she might share of his Shame and Misery.

The Sessions-house was fill'd that Day with all the Ladies, and Chief of the Town, to hear the Result of his Trial; and the sad Youth was brought loaded with Chains, and pale as Death; where every Circumstance being sufficiently prov'd against him, and he making but a weak Defence for himself, he was convicted, and sent back to Prison, to receive his Sentence of Death on the Morrow; where he own'd all, and who set him on to do it. He own'd 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he shou'd command at his pleasure, the Possession of his Mistress, the Princess; who shou'd deny him nothing, after having intrusted him with so great a Secret; and that besides, she had elevated him with the Promise of that glorious Reward, and had dazzl'd his

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his young Heart with so charming a Prospect, that blind and mad with Joy, he rush'd forward, to gain the desir'd Prize; and thought on nothing but his coming Happiness: That he saw too late the Follies of his presumptuous Flame, and curs'd the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who had sooth'd him to his Undoing: That he was a miserable Victim to her Wickedness, and hop'd he shou'd warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Dissimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hop'd they wou'd have Pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the subtile Perswasions alone of his Mistress, the Princess: And that since *Alcidiana* was not dead, they wou'd grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in some part of the World, whither they might banish him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately

mediately the Princess was apprehended, and brought to Prison, to the same Prison where yet the poor young Father *Francisco* was languishing, he having been from Week to Week repriev'd, by the Intercession of the Fathers; and possibly, she there had time to make some Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no Means unessay'd, to prevent the Imprisonment of the Princess, and the publick Shame and Infamy she was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joy'd that she shou'd be punish'd, as an Author of all this Mischief, were so generally bent against her, both Priests, Magistrates and People; the whole Force of the Stream running that way, she found no more Favour than the meanest Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he saw 'twas impossible to rescue her from the Hands of Justice, suffer'd with Grief unspeakable what he cou'd not

G pre-

prevent; and led her him self to the Prison, follow'd by all his People, in as much State, as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when she came, she was as well attended and serv'd as before, he never stirring one Moment from her.

The next Day she was try'd in open and common Court; where she appear'd in Glory, led by *Tarquin*, and attended according to her Quality: And she cou'd not deny all the Page had alledg'd against her, who was brought thither also in Chains; and after a great many Circumstances, she was found guilty, and both receiv'd Sentence; the Page to be hang'd, till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-place; and the Princess to stand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other End of which was to be fasten'd to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inscription in large Characters upon her Back and Breast, of the Cause

Cause why: Where she was to stand from Ten in the Morning, to Twelve.

This Sentence, the People, with one Accord, believ'd too favourable for so ill a Woman, whose Crimes deserv'd Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*: Nevertheless, there were some who said, It was infinitely more severe than the Death it self.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the abundance of People, who were flock'd together in the Market-place: All the Windows were taken down, and fill'd with Spectators, and the Tops of Houses; when, at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appear'd. She was dress'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore-part of the Breast, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind; and a Petty-coat

of flower'd Gold, very rich, and lac'd ; with all things else fuitable : A Gentleman carry'd her great Velvet Cushion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroider'd, was laid ; her Train was born up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare ; follow'd by his Foot-men, Pages, and other Officers of his House.

When they arriv'd to the Place of Execution, the Cushion was laid on the Ground, upon a *Portugal*-Matt, spread there for that purpose ; and the Princess stood on the Cushion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Priest by her Side ; and was accordingly ty'd up to the Gibbet.

She had not stood there ten Minutes, but she had the Mortification (at least, one wou'd think it so to her) to see her sad Page *Van Brune* approach ; fair as an Angel, but languishing and pale. That Sight mov'd all the Beholders with as much pity,

Pity, as that of the Princess did Disdain and Pleasure.

He was dress'd all in Mourning, and very fine Linen ; bare-headed, with his own Hair, the fairest that cou'd be seen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behav'd himself with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he was brought under the Gibbet, he seeing his Mistress in that Condition, shew'd an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was cover'd over with Blushes ; and falling at her Feet, he humbly ask'd her Pardon for having been the Occasion of so great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confession, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had oblig'd him to make, so greatly to her Dis-honour ; for, indeed, he had wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying as he ought,

in silence, rather than of committing so great a Crime against his Duty, and Honour it self; and that he cou'd not die in Peace, unless she wou'd forgive him. The Princess only nodded her Head, and cry'd, *I do.*——

And after having spoken a little to his Father Confessor, who was with him, he chearfully mounted the Ladder; and in the sight of the Princess, he was turn'd off, while a loud Cry was heard through all the Market-place, especially from the fair Sex; he hanging there till the time the Princess was to depart: And when she was put into a rich embroider'd Chair, and carry'd away; *Tarquin* going into his; for he had all that time stood supporting the Princess under the Gallows, and was very weary, she was sent back, till her Release came; which was that Night, about Seven of the Clock; and then she was conducted to her own House in great State, with

with a dozen white Wax-Flambeau's about her Chair.

If the Affairs of *Alcidiana* and her Friends before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of these Extravagants, 'tis not to be imagin'd, but they were now much more so; and the next Day they sent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it; or to summon the Prince to give Reasons, why he wou'd not. And the Officer receiv'd for Answer, That the Money shou'd be call'd in, and paid in such a time; setting a certain Time, which I have not been so curious as to retain, or put in my Journal Observations; but I am sure it was not long, as may be easily imagin'd; for they every Moment suspected the Prince wou'd pack up, and be gone some time or other on the suddain; and for that Reason they wou'd not trust him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his House, to watch that nothing

G 4 shou'd

shou'd be remov'd or touch'd. As for Bail, or Security, he cou'd give none; every one flunk their Heads out of the Collar when it came to that: So that he was oblig'd, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his House.

The Princess finding her self reduc'd to the last Extremity, and that she must either produce the Value of a hundred thousand Crowns, or see the Prince, her Husband, lodg'd for ever in a Prison, and all their Glory vanish; and that it was impossible to fly, since guarded; she had recourse to an Extremity, worse than the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, she first puts on a World of Sorrow and Concern, for what she fear'd might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever she shed Tears which she did not dissemble, it was upon this Occasion. But here she almost over-acted: She stirr'd not from her Bed, and refus'd to eat, or sleep, or see the Light;
 so

so that the Day being shut out of her Chamber, she liv'd by Wax-Lights, and refus'd all Comfort and Consolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compassion and Grief, never stirr'd from her Bed-side, nor ceas'd to implore, that she wou'd suffer her self to live. But she, who was not now so passionately in love with *Tarquin*, as she was with the Prince; not so fond of the Man, as his Titles, and of Glory, fore-saw the total Ruin of the last, if not prevented, by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which cou'd no otherwise be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana*: And therefore, without ceasing, she wept, and cry'd out, *She cou'd not live, unless Alcidiana dy'd. This Alcidiana, (continu'd she,) who has been the Author of my Shame; who has expos'd me under a Gibbet, in the publick Market-place.-- Oh! — I am deaf to all Reason, blind to Natural Affection. I re-*
 nounce

*nounce her : I hate her as my mortal
Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the Fi-
nisher of my Days, e'er half my Race
of Life be run.*

Then throwing her false, but
snowy, charming Arms about the
Neck of her Heart-breaking Lord,
and Lover, who lay sighing and
list'ning by her Side, he was charm'd
and bewitch'd into saying all things
that pleas'd her : And lastly, told
her, *Alcidiana shou'd be no longer an
Obstacle to her Repose ; but that, if
she wou'd look up, and cast her Eyes
of Sweetness and Love upon him, as
heretofore ; forget her Sorrows, and
redeem her lost Health, he wou'd
take what Measures she shou'd pro-
pose, to dispatch this fatal Stop to
her Happiness out of the way.*

These Words fail'd not to make
her caress him in the most endearing
manner that Love and flattery cou'd
invent ; and she kiss'd him to an
Oath, a solemn Oath, to perform
what

what he had promis'd ; and he
vow'd liberally : And she assum'd in
an Instant her good Humour, and
suffer'd a Supper to be prepar'd, and
did eat ; which in many Days before
she had not done ; so obstinate and
powerful was she in dissembling
well.

The next thing to be consider'd
was, which Way this Deed was to
be done ; for they doubted not, but
when 'twas done, all the World
wou'd lay it upon the Princess, as
done by her Command : But she
urg'd, Suspicion was no Proof ; and
that they never put to death any
one, but when they had great and
certain Evidences, who were the Of-
fenders. She was sure of her own
Constancy, that Racks and Tortures
shou'd never get the Secret from her
Breast ; and if he were as confident
on his part, there was no Danger.
Yet this Preparation she made, to-
wards the laying the Fact on others,
that she caus'd several Letters to be
written

written from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threaten'd *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kins-man (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, though he had not taken away hers. And it was the Report of the Town, how this young Maid was threaten'd. And indeed, the Death of the Page had so afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procur'd her self abundance of Enemies upon that Account, because she might have sav'd him if she had pleas'd; but on the contrary, she was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not so much concern'd for her at this Report, as they wou'd have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reasoning the Matter soberly with *Miranda*, found it absolutely necessary to dispatch *Alcidiana*; he resolv'd himself, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to
trust

trust to any of his most Favourite-Servants, though he had many who, possibly, wou'd have obey'd him; for they lov'd him, as he deserv'd; and so wou'd all the World, had he not been so poorly deluded by this fair Enchantress. He therefore, as I said, resolv'd to keep this great Secret to himself; and taking a Pistol, charg'd well with two Bullets, he watch'd an Opportunity to shoot her as she shou'd go out, or into her House or Coach some Evening.

To this End he waited several Nights, near her Lodgings; but still, either she went not out; or when she return'd, she was so guarded with Friends, or her Lover, and Flambeau's, that he cou'd not aim at her, without endangering the Life of some other. But one Night, above the rest, upon a *Sunday*, when he knew she wou'd be at the Theatre; for she never miss'd that Day, seeing the Play; he waited at the Corner of the Statt-house, near the
Theatre,

Theatre, with his Cloak cast over his Face, and a black Periwigg, all alone, with his Pistol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long, but he saw her Kinsman's Coach come along. 'Twas almost dark; Day was just shutting up her Beauties, and left such a Light to govern the World, as serv'd only just to distinguish one Object from another, and a convenient help to Mischiefe. He saw a-light out of the Coach, only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the destin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue, than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-house, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it; who led her to the Door, and went to give some Order to the Coach-man; so that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when she stood the fairest Mark in the World, on the Threshold of the Entrance of the Theatre; there being many Coaches about the Door, so that hers cou'd
not

not come so near. *Tarquin* was resolv'd not to lose so fair an Opportunity; and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over against the Door, through a great Booted, Velvet Coach, that stood between him and her, he shot; and she having her Train of her Gown and Petty-coat on her Arm, in great quantity, he miss'd her Body, and shot through her Cloaths, between her Arm, and her Body. She frighten'd to find something hit her, and to see the Smoak, and hear the Report of the Pistol; running in, cry'd, *I am shot : I am dead.*

This Noise quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coach-men and Foot-men immediately ran, some one Way, and some another. One of 'em seeing a Man haste away in a Cloak, he being a lusty, bold *German*, stopp'd him; and drawing upon him, bad him stand, and deliver his Pistol, or he wou'd run him through.

Tarquin

Tarquin, being surpriz'd at the Boldness of this Fellow to demand his Pistol, as if he positively knew him to be the Murtherer, (for so he thought himself, since he believ'd *Alcidiana* dead,) had so much Presence of Mind, as to consider, if he suffer'd himself to be taken, he shou'd poorly die a publick Death; and therefore resolv'd upon one Mischief more, to secure himself from the first: And in the Moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Pistol, he cry'd, *Though I have no Pistol to deliver, I have a Sword to chastise thy Insolence.* And throwing off his Cloak, and flinging his Pistol from him, he drew, and wounded and dis-arm'd the Fellow.

This Noise of Swords brought every Body to the place; and immediately the Bruit ran, *The Murtherer was taken, the Murtherer was taken*; though none knew which was he, nor the Cause of the Quarrel

rel between the two fighting Men, which none yet knew, for it now was darker than before. But at the Noise of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Petty-coat, came running to the place, just as *Tarquin* had dis-arm'd the *German*, and was ready to have kill'd him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arrested the Stroak, and redeem'd the Foot-man.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whose Mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himself venturing for his last Stake, made no Reply; but with two Swords in his Hands, went to fight his Way through the Rabble: And though there were above a hundred Persons, some with Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coachmen,) so invincible was the Courage of this poor, unfortunate Gentleman at that time, that all these

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even those that saw his Valour and Bravery, and who had assisted at his being siez'd, now repented from the Bottom of their Hearts, their having any hand in the Ruin of so gallant a Man ; especially, since they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thousand Addresses were made to her, not to prosecute him ; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, wou'd by no means be pacify'd ; but vow'd to pursue him to the Scaffold.

The *Monday* came, and the Prince being examin'd, confess'd the Matter of Fact, since there was no harm done ; believing a generous Confession the best of his Game ; but he was sent back to closer Imprisonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Sessions. All his Household-Goods were siez'd, and all they cou'd find, for the Use of *Alcidiana*. And the Princess, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carry'd to the same Prison, to behold

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One need not tell here how sad and horrid this Meeting appear'd between her Lord and she ; let it suffice it was the most melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda's* part, 'twas sometimes all Rage and Fire, and sometimes all Tears and Groans ; but still 'twas sad Love, and mournful Tendernefs on his : Nor cou'd all his Sufferings, and the Prospect of Death it self, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obstinate God had fatally kindl'd there : And in the midst of all his Sighs, he wou'd re-call himself, and cry, ---*I have Miranda still.*

He was eternally visited by his Friends and Acquaintance ; and this last Action of Bravery had got him more, than all his former Conduct had lost. The Fathers were perpetually with him ; and all join'd with
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one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman so wicked as the Princess ; and that however Fate dealt with him, he cou'd not shew himself a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of so much Evil in his Bosom : That Heaven wou'd never bless him, till he had renounc'd her : And on such Conditions, he wou'd find those that wou'd employ their utmost Interest to save his Life ; who else wou'd not stir in his Affair. But he was so deaf to all, that he cou'd not so much as dissemble a Repentance for having marry'd her.

He lay a long time in Prison, and all that time the poor Father *Francisco* remain'd there also : And the good Fathers, who daily visited these two amorous Prisoners, the Prince and Princess ; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it wou'd go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertain'd 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come ; from
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After the Condemnation of these two unfortunate Persons, who begot such different Sentiments in the Minds of the People, (the Prince, all the Compassion and Pity imaginable; and the Princess, all the Contempt and Despight;) they languish'd almost six Months longer in Prison; so great an Interest there was made, in order to the saving his Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and great

great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Bruxels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take Place of them; who, indeed, was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said, so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some Hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years wou'd have been granted, as was desir'd. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom Marquis *Castiel de Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Perswasions, than those of all who attack'd her, that made *Miranda*, confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the End of six Months, when all Applications

cations were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two Days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd ; and for which he prepar'd himself with all Chearfulness.

On the following *Friday*, as soon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their Leaves of him ; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the last Degree : For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that shew'd no Signs of Regret ; but address'd himself to all about him with the same chearful, modest and great Air, he was wont to do in his most flourishing Fortune. his *Vallet* was dressing him all the Morning, so many Interruptions they had by Visitors ; and he was all in Mourning, and so were all his Followers ; for even to the last, he kept up his Grandure, to the Amazement of all People : And indeed, he was so passionately
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belov'd by them, that those he had dismiss'd serv'd him voluntarily, and wou'd not be perswaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princess was also dress'd in Mourning, and her two Women ; and notwithstanding the unheard of Lewdness and Villanies she had confess'd of her self, the Prince still ador'd her ; for she had still those Charms that made him first do so : Nor, to his last Moment, cou'd be brought to wish that he had never seen her. But on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he said, *All the Satisfaction this short Moment of Life cou'd afford him was, that he dy'd in endeavouring to serve Miranda, his adorable Princess.*

After he had taken leave of all who thought it necessary to leave him to himself for some time, he retir'd with his Confessor : where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all
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the Ceremonies of Devotions that were fit to be done being already past. At last the Bell toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princess, as his last Work of Life, and the most hard he had to accomplish. He threw himself at her Feet; and gazing on her, as she sat more dead than alive, o'erwhelm'd with silent Grief, they both remain'd some Moments speechless; and then, as if one rising Tide of Tears had supply'd both their Eyes, it burst out in Streams at the same Instant; and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thousand *Farewel's*, so soft, so passionate and moving, that all who were by were extreamly touch'd with it, and said, *That nothing cou'd be seen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thousand times they bid *Farewel*, and still some tender Look or Word wou'd prevent his going: Then embrace, and bid *Farewel* again. A thousand times she ask'd his Pardon for being the Occasion of that fatal Separation; a thousand times

times assuring him, she wou'd follow him, for she cou'd not live without him. And Heaven knows when their soft and sad Caresses wou'd have ended, had not the Officers assur'd him, 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princess fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of the Prison.

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walk'd on foot, follow'd by his own Domesticks, and some bearing a black Velvet Coffin, with Silver Hinges; the Heads-man before him, with his fatal Scimitre drawn; his Confessor by his Side, and many Gentlemen and Church-men, with Father *Francisco*, attending him; the People showering Millions of Blessings on him, and beholding with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was strow'd with some Sawdust about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they

they be-head People kneeling, and with the Back-stroke of a Scimitre ; and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently see : This was hung with Black ; and all that State that such a Death could have, was here in most decent Order.

He did not say much upon the Scaffold : The Sum of what he said to his Friends was, to be kind, and take care of the poor Penitent, his Wife : To others, recommending his honest and generous Servants ; whose Fidelity was so well known and commended, that they were soon promis'd all Preferment. He was some time in Prayer, and a very short time speaking to his Confessor ; then he turn'd to the Heads-man, and desir'd him to do his Office well ; and gave him twenty *Leue d'Or's* ; and undressing himself with the help of his *Vallet* and Page, he pull'd

pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Satten Waste-coat : He took off his Periwigg, and put on a white Satten-cap, with a Holland one, done with Poynt, under it, which he pull'd a little over his Eyes ; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and said, *When he lifted up his Hands the third time, the Heads-man shou'd do his Office* : Which accordingly was done, and the Heads-man gave him his last stroak, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People, with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul ; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude, who scramble'd for some of the bloody Saw-dust, to keep for his Memory.

The Heads-man going to take up the Head, as the manner is, to shew to the People, he found he had not struck it off, and that the Body stirr'd. With that he stepp'd to an Engine

Engine which they always carry with 'em, to force those who may be refractory ; thinking, as he said, to have twisted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a small matter of Flesh. Though 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the best Shift he cou'd suddainly propose. The Margrave and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with some of the Prince's Friends and Servants ; who seeing the Heads-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great Noise. The Prince, who found himself yet alive ; or rather, who was past Thinking, but had some Sense of Feeling left, when the Heads-man took him up, and set his Back against the Rail, and clap'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himself press'd there ; and struggling between Life and Death, and bending himself over the Rail backward, while the Heads-man pull'd

pull'd forward, he threw himself quite over the Rail by Chance, and not Design, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing Shouts of Joy. The Heads-man leap'd after him, but the Rabble had like to have pull'd him to pieces : All the City was in an Uproar, but none knew what the matter was, but those who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living ; but how, or by what strange Miracle preserv'd, they knew not, nor did examine ; but with one Accord, as if the whole Croud had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their Heads, about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is a Monastery of *Jesuits* ; and there they secur'd him. All this was done ; his Beheading, his Falling, and his being secur'd, almost in a Moments time ; the People rejoicing, as at some extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being, as I said, an old, timorous Man, was so
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frighten'd at the Accident, the Bustle, the Noise, and the Confusion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear; and the other was fain to be let blood.

The Officers of Justice went to demand the Prisoner, but they demanded in vain; they had now a Right to protect him, and wou'd do so. All his over-joy'd Friends went to see in what Condition he was, and all of Quality found Admittance: They saw him in Bed, going to be dress'd by the most skilful Surgeons, who yet cou'd not assure him of Life. They desir'd no Body shou'd speak to him, or ask him any Questions. They found that the Headsman had struck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be sure; for the Sword, in such Executions, carries an extream Force. However, so good Care was taken on all sides, and so greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they

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they found an Amendment, and Hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodness.

At last, when he was permitted to speak, the first News he ask'd was after the Princess. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his Loss of Blood had not quench'd that Flame, nor let out that which made him still love that bad Woman. He was solicited daily to think no more of her: And all her Crimes were laid so open to him, and so shamefully represented; and on the other side, his Vertues so admir'd; and which, they said, wou'd have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature; that at last, by assuring him of all their Assistance, if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought so far upon him, as to promise, he wou'd suffer her to go alone into Banishment, and wou'd not follow her, or live with her any

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more. But, alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaisance, for in his Heart he resolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reason assur'd him, he cou'd not do a Deed more justifiable, and one that wou'd re-gain his Fame sooner.

His Friends ask'd him some Questions concerning his Escape; and that since he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately rise up. But he reply'd, he was so absolutely pre-possess'd, that at the third Lifting up his Hands, he shou'd receive the Stroak of Death, that at the same Instant the Sword touch'd him, he had no Sense; nay, not even of Pain, so absolutely dead he was with Imagination; and knew not that he stirr'd, as the Heads-man found he did; nor did he remember any thing, from the Lifting up of his Hands, to his Fall; and then awaken'd, as out of a Dream;

Dream; or rather, a Moment's Sleep, without Dream, he found he liv'd; and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having not, as yet, any Sense of his Wound, though so terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extremely afflicted for having been the Prosecutor of this great Man; who, bating his last Design against her, which she knew was the Instigation of her Sister, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now sought all Means possible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Sister; though of a hundred thousand Crowns, which she shou'd have pay'd her she cou'd get but ten thousand; which was from the Sale of her rich Beds, and some other Furniture: So that the young Count, who before shou'd have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the best of the two) was the Man to whom she was destin'd.

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At last, by great Intercession, both their Pardons were obtain'd ; and the Prince, who wou'd be no more seen in a place that had prov'd every way so fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promising never to live with the fair Hypocrite more ; but e'er he departed, he writ her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little time, to follow him into *Holland* ; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his trusty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Money for her Accommodations : So that she was now reduc'd to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this time of his Imprisonment, had several Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly lov'd.

As soon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, she was welcom'd with all imaginable Respect and Endearment

great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Bruxels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take Place of them ; who, indeed, was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said, so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected ; which gave him also some Hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years wou'd have been granted, as was desir'd. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom Marquis *Castiel de Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin* ; since 'twas more by his Perswasions, than those of all who attack'd her, that made *Miranda*, confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the End of six Months, when all Applications

cations were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two Days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd ; and for which he prepar'd himself with all Chearfulness.

On the following *Friday*, as soon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their Leaves of him ; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the last Degree : For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that shew'd no Signs of Regret ; but address'd himself to all about him with the same chearful, modest and great Air, he was wont to do in his most flourishing Fortune. His *Vallet* was dressing him all the Morning, so many Interruptions they had by Visitors ; and he was all in Mourning, and so were all his Followers ; for even to the last, he kept up his Grandure, to the Amazement of all People : And indeed, he was so passionately
belov'd

belov'd by them, that those he had dismiss'd serv'd him voluntarily, and wou'd not be perswaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princess was also dress'd in Mourning, and her two Women ; and notwithstanding the unheard of Lewdness and Villanies she had confess'd of her self, the Prince still ador'd her ; for she had still those Charms that made him first do so : Nor, to his last Moment, cou'd be brought to wish that he had never seen her. But on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he said, *All the Satisfaction this short Moment of Life cou'd afford him was, that he dy'd in endeavouring to serve Miranda, his adorable Princess.*

After he had taken leave of all who thought it necessary to leave him to himself for some time, he retir'd with his Confessor : where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all
the

the Ceremonies of Devotions that were fit to be done being already past. At last the Bell toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princess, as his last Work of Life, and the most hard he had to accomplish. He threw himself at her Feet; and gazing on her, as she fate more dead than alive, o'erwhelm'd with silent Grief, they both remain'd some Moments speechless; and then, as if one rising Tide of Tears had supply'd both their Eyes, it burst out in Streams at the same Instant; and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thousand *Farewel's*, so soft, so passionate and moving, that all who were by were extreamly touch'd with it, and said, *That nothing cou'd be seen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thousand times they bad *Farewel*, and still some tender Look or Word wou'd prevent his going: Then embrace, and bid *Farewel* again. A thousand times she ask'd his Pardon for being the Occasion of that fatal Separation; a thousand times

times assuring him, she wou'd follow him, for she cou'd not livewithout him. And Heaven knows when their soft and sad Caresses wou'd have ended, had not the Officers assur'd him, 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princess fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of the Prison.

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walk'd on foot, follow'd by his own Domesticks, and some bearing a black Velvet Coffin, with Silver Hinges; the Heads-man before him, with his fatal Scimitre drawn; his Confessor by his Side, and many Gentlemen and Church-men, with Father *Francisco*, attending him; the People showering Millions of Blessings on him, and beholding with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was strow'd with some Sawdust about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they

they be-head People kneeling, and with the Back-stroke of a Scimitre ; and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently see : This was hung with Black ; and all that State that such a Death could have, was here in most decent Order.

He did not say much upon the Scaffold : The Sum of what he said to his Friends was, to be kind, and take care of the poor Penitent, his Wife : To others, recommending his honest and generous Servants ; whose Fidelity was so well known and commended, that they were soon promis'd all Preferment. He was some time in Prayer, and a very short time speaking to his Confessor ; then he turn'd to the Heads-man, and desir'd him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Leue d'Or's* ; and undressing himself with the help of his *Vallet* and Page, he pull'd

pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Satten Waste-coat : He took off his Periwigg, and put on a white Satten-cap, with a Holland one, done with Poynt, under it, which he pull'd a little over his Eyes ; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and said, *When he lifted up his Hands the third time, the Heads-man shou'd do his Office* : Which accordingly was done, and the Heads-man gave him his last stroak, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People, with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul ; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude, who scrambl'd for some of the bloody Saw-dust, to keep for his Memory.

The Heads-man going to take up the Head, as the manner is, to shew to the People, he found he had not struck it off, and that the Body stirr'd. With that he stepp'd to an Engine

Engine which they always carry with 'em, to force those who may be refractory ; thinking, as he said, to have twisted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a small matter of Flesh. Though 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the best Shift he cou'd suddainly propose. The Margrave and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with some of the Prince's Friends and Servants ; who seeing the Heads-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great Noise. The Prince, who found himself yet alive ; or rather, who was past Thinking, but had some Sense of Feeling left, when the Heads-man took him up, and set his Back against the Rail, and clap'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himself press'd there ; and struggling between Life and Death, and bending himself over the Rail backward, while the Heads-man pull'd

ment by the old Father ; who was impos'd upon so, as that he knew not she was the fatal Occasion of all these Disasters to his Son ; but rather look'd on her as a Woman who had brought him a hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, which his Misfortunes had consum'd. But, above all, she was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unspeakable ; who, after some time, to redeem his Credit, and gain himself a new Fame, put himself into the *French* Army, where he did Wonders ; and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-House ; where, with his Princess, he lives as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquility of a Man of a good Fortune. They say *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life past, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her these Afflictions, that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happiness as this troublesome World can afford.

Since

(120)

Since I began this Relation, I
heard that Prince *Tarquin* dy'd about
three quarters of a Year ago.

F I N I S.

A G N E S
D E
C A S T R O :
O R , T H E
F O R C E
O F
G E N E R O U S L O V E .

Written in French by a Lady of Quality.

Made English by Mrs. B E H N.

Licensed, May 24. 1688. R. P.

L O N D O N ,
Printed for *William Canning*, at his Shop
in the *Temple-Cloysters*. 1688.

T O
Sir Roger Puleston,
B A R O N E T.

S I R,

IT would be a happy World for us Traders in Parnassus, if, like those in the Moon, (as Bergerac says) we cou'd Barter, Pay Debts, and Obligations with Poems and Dedications: But this is a World not Generous enough for such noble Traffick. Like Homer, we may sing our Verses from Door to Door, but shall find few List'ners that understand their Value, and can receive 'em as they ought.

Virgil and Horace had a better Age; Augustus favour'd the Muses, and the whole Court was Complaisant to the Humor of their Cæsar. He was a great Judg, and a great Patron: But our Age, de-

generated into dull Lewdness, can relish nothing but abusive Satyr, and obscene Lampoons; and he is the most admir'd Poet who can the most vilely traduce Innocent Beauty, Women of Quality, and Great Men. Our deprav'd Nature can relish nothing but Scandal in Verse, and from Noble and Heroick Songs, we are debauch'd into Scurrilous and Sawcy Libels; and every Man's a Wit, who can but Rail.

In our Age the Noble Roman Poets wou'd have Starv'd and have dy'd the Death of the fam'd Hudibras; (to the Eternal Shame of the English Nation) We have few Sidneys, scarce a Mæcenas now to Bless or Grace a Poet; few that Judge, or know how to set a Value on Wit. The Building of the Halcyon points us not out more certainly to Calmest Seas, than the Flourishing of the Muses does to a
Happy

Happy State. But now Jealousies, Controversies, Debates, and Self-interests take up all the time; and 'tis rare to pitch on a Man whom we can promise our selves shall have the Leasure to read what we write, or the true Sence to Judge: those few who love Books, and can Judge, are those who do a good Author Credit.

Of this number, Sir, I esteem your self, who, unpractic'd in the Lewdness of the Town, enjoy the happy quiet of Thought and Books. The common Vices, so much in fashion, are not able to taint your Virtue; you have always kept clear of those Mutinous and Disaffected Cabals, which have been fatal to the Loyalty of so many Gentlemen, who otherwise had serv'd their King, and, in that, their Country, with Honour. Your Conduct has hitherto been Just and Prudent; and as

Heaven has given you a Generosity
futable to your Birth and Fortune,
you have always been a Publick Good
to your Cuntry, and a Private
Benefactor to those you believ'd
worthy your Bounty. The Unfortun-
ate never addrest to you in vain,
nor Merit ever past unrewarded.
You have a Sweetness of temper and
a Conversation so Easy, that you are
never approach'd without Love and
Delight. You have a Calmness and
Affability wholly Obliging; and it is
impossible to know you without be-
coming your Friend. There is a noble
Justice in your Nature, that renders
you admir'd, and which is rarely
found in the Race of Man. You have
a Gentle Softness and Deliberation
in your temper that is very Ingaging;
far from that of those noisy Men,
who talk their Wit out of Breath
and Credit, and discover nothing
at the bottom; who think Imperti-
nence

nence Conversation; take Impudence for
good Breeding, and vain Boasting for
real Courage. Your Soul is more Majesti-
cally retir'd than those of other Men;
and when it looks abroad, it is only to
return more Perfect; it learns nothing
that can Sully its native Purity and
Innocence: and if it have ever made
a Sally of Youth, it has been of that
Sort which is most Excusable, Love;
Love, from which no fine Soul can be
Exempt. It is a Passion that is Na-
tural to its Tenderness, and 'tis in such
Delicate Hearts where one ought to
search for the real God of Love.

That God which is so lively repre-
sented in the Soul of this Prince, whom
I here present you; whose Passions are
so Soft, and so full of Respect, at the
reading of which, I believe, there will
be no one found who will not Sigh, and
shed some Tears, and whose Soul will
not sympathize with those Passions he
finds there. They will behold a Prince
Languish

*Languish for Love, yet chusing to Dye,
rather than act contrary to Honor.
They will find a Constancy unusual in
your Sex, and a Bravery unpractic'd in
ours: In fine, you will see here Love,
Fortitude, and Vertue, very naturally
Painted; and a Truth which needs no-
thing of Romantick to make it abso-
lutely Moving. If it have Power to af-
fect the Reader, I hope the Men will not
say our Sex are wholly incapable of ar-
riving to the Excellency of their Works;
or that we cannot give just and true
Ideas of the Noblest Passions: Nay,
that, in point of Softness, we cannot out-
do them. 'Twas a Lady that writ the
Original, and, I hope, I have not taken
off from the Lustre of her admirable
Piece, by putting it into our Language;
at least, it will be sufficient Honor for
me to have your Approbation, who
am,*

S I R,

Your most obliged, and

most humble Servant,

A. B E H N.

[I]

THE
HISTORY
O F
AGNES de CASTRO.

THough LOVE, all soft and flat-
tering, promises nothing but Plea-
sures; yet its Consequences are
often Sad and Fatal; it is not enough to be
in Love, to be happy; since Fortune who
is Capricious, and takes delight to trouble
the Repose of the most Eievated and Vir-
tuous, has very little respect for passionate
and tender Hearts, when she designs to
produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages renders this
Maxim certain, but the Reign of *Dom Al-*
phonso the Fourth, King of *Portugal*, furnishes

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us

us with one, the most Extraordinary that History can produce.

He was the Son of that *Dom Denice*, who was so successful in all his Undertakings, that it was said of him, that he was capable of performing what ever he design'd: And of *Isabella*, a Princess of eminent Virtue, who when he came to inherit a Flourishing and Tranquil State, he endeavor'd to Establish Peace and Plenty in abundance, in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro*, (then about Eight Years of Age) and *Bianca* Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Castille*; and whom the Young Prince married when he arrived to his Sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities, and very few Charms. *Don Pedro* who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, liv'd nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsie, she made it her Request to retire, and at her Intercession the Pope broke the Marriage, and the Melancholy Princess concealed her Languishment in a Solitary retreat. And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Dom John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood of *Castille*, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

Con-

Constantia was promised to the King of *Castille*, but that King not keeping his Word, they made no difficulty of bestowing her on a Young Prince, who was one Day to Reign over a Number of fine Provinces. He was but Five and twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the best Fashion and Grace: And with the most advantageous qualities of the Body, he possess'd those of the Soul, and shew'd himself worthy in all things of the Crown that was destin'd for him.

The Princess *Constantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generosity, in as great a measure as 'twas possible for a Woman to be possess'd with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her, and certainly he had for her an Esteem, mixt with so great a Respect, as might very well pass for Love with those that were not of a Nice and Curious Observation; but alas! his real Care was reserv'd for another Beauty.

Constantia brought into the World, the First Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was call'd *Don Louis*; but it scarce saw the Light, and Died almost as soon as Born. The loss of this little Prince sensibly touch'd her, but the Coldness she observed in the Prince her Husband, went yet more near her Heart; for she had given her self absolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderness for him her only Concern: But Puissant Glory

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which

which ty'd her so intirely to the Interest of the Prince of *Portugal*, opened her Eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Careless and Civilities that was Natural, or could satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first, she fancy'd her self decciv'd, but Time having confirm'd her in what she fear'd; she sigh'd in Secret, yet had that consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder; and which, nevertheless she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who liv'd with her, rather as a Companion than a Maid of Honor, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the Preference her Mistress gave her; she was Beautiful to excess, Wise, Discreet, Witty, and had more Tenderness for *Constantia* than she had for self: Having quitted her Family, which was Illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her First Moans, and the Charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was *Constantia* the only Person who complain'd on *Don Pedro*; before his Divorce from *Bianca*, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for *Elvira Gonzales*, Sister to *Don Alvaro Gonzales*, Favorite to the King

King of *Portugal*; and this Amusement in the Young Years of the Prince, having made a deep Impression on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She saw, with a Secret rage, *Constantia* take her Place, who was possess'd with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousy left her not Idle, she examin'd all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discovered the little regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good Grounds that she suspected him to be in Love with some other Person, and possessed with a new Passion; and which she promis'd her self, she wou'd destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for Bold and Hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vainity, as all the indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languish'd, and conceal'd the cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it was Solitude alone, that was able to give him any ease.

This Change surpriz'd all the World; the King who lov'd his Son very tenderly, earnestly prest him to know the Reason of his Melancholy; but the Prince made no An-

swer, but only this, that it was the effects of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princess was brought to Bed of a Second Son, who liv'd, and was call'd *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd himself a little to take part in the publick Joy, so that they believ'd his Humor was changing; but this appearance of a Calm endur'd not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The Artful *Elvira* was incessantly agitated in searching out the Knowledge of this Secret; chance Wrought for her: And, as she was walking full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Pallace of *Coimbra*, she found the Prince of *Portugal* Sleeping in an obscure Grotto.

Her Fury cou'd not contain it self at the sight of this lov'd Object, she rould her Eyes upon him, and perceiv'd in spight of Sleep, that some Tears escap'd his Eyes; the flame which burnt yet in her Heart, soon grew Soft and Tender there: But oh! she heard him Sigh, and after that utter these Words, *Yes, divine Agnes, I will sooner die than let you know it: Constantia shall have nothing to reproach me with.* *Elvira* was inrag'd at this Discourse, which represented to her immediately, the same moment, *Agnes de Castro* with all her Charms, and not at all doubting, but it was she who possist the Heart of *Don Pedro*. She found in her Soul more Hatred

Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderness for him.

The Grotto was not a place fit to make Reflections in, or to form Designs. Perhaps her first Transports wou'd have made her waken'd him, if she had not perceiv'd a Paper lying under his Hand, which she softly seiz'd on; and that she might not be surpriz'd in the Reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much Haste as Confusion.

When she was retir'd to her Appartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it these Verses, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which in appearance he had newly then compos'd.

*In vain, oh! Sacred Honor, you debate
The Mighty business in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate,
Interest and Glory claim no Part.
The God, sure of his Victory, Triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire share.*

*In vain, oh! Sacred Duty, you oppose;
In vain, your Nuptial tie you plead:
Those forc'd Devoirs LOVE over-throws,
And breaks the Vows he never made.
Fixing his fatal Arrows every where,
I burn, and languish, in a soft Dispair.*

*Fair Princess, you to whom my Faith is due,
 Pardon the Destiny that drags me on ;
 'Tis not my fault, my Heart's untrue,
 I am compell'd to be undone :
 My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
 But my Fidelity I can't command.*

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but she knew also that he cou'd Write Verses. And seeing the sad part which *Constantia* had in these which were now fallen into her hands, she made no scruple of resolving to let the Princess see 'em : but that she might not be suspected, she took care not to appear in the business her self, and since it was not enough for *Constantia* to know that the Prince did not Love her, but that she must know also he was a Slave to *Agnes de Castro*, *Elvira* caused these few Verses to be Written in an unknown hand, under those Writ by the Prince.

*Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover ;
 While Tears were streaming from his Eyes,
 His headless Tongue without disguise
 The secret did discover,
 The Language of his Heart declare,
 That Agnes Image Triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither Exactness nor Grace in these Lines, and if they had but the effect she design'd she wish'd no more.

Her

Her impatience cou'd not wait till the next Day to expose 'em ; she therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princess, who was then walking in the Garden of the Palace ; and passing without resistance even to her Cabinet, she put the Paper into a Book in which the Princess us'd to Read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good Fortune.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd she enter'd into her Cabinet and saw the Book open, and the Verses lying in it, which were to cost her so dear : she soon knew the hand of the Prince which was so familiar to her, and besides the information of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro*, (whose friendship alone was able to comfort her, in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal cause of it ; she read over the Paper an hundred times, desiring to give her Eyes and Reason the Lye, but finding but too plainly she was not deceiv'd, she found her Soul possess'd with more Grief than Anger : when she consider'd as much in Love as the Prince was, he had kept his Torment secret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the tenderness she had for him made her shed a Torrent of Tears, and inspir'd her with a resolution, of concealing her resentments.

She wou'd certainly have done it, by a Virtue extraordinary, if the Prince, who
 missing

missing his Verses when he wak'd, and fearing they might fall into indiscreet hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubled with his loss, and hastily going into *Constantia's* Apartment, saw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the same instant cast his own on the unhappy Verses that had escap'd from his Soul, and now lay before the Princess.

He immediately turn'd pale at this sight, and appear'd so mov'd, that the Generous Princess felt more pain than he did : Madam said he, (infinitely Alarm'd) from whom had you that Paper ? it cannot come, but from the hand of some Person, answer'd *Constantia*, who is an Enemy both to your repose and mine ; it is the work, Sir, of your own hand, and doubtless the sentiment of your Heart. But be not surpris'd, and do not fear, for if my tenderness should make it pass for a crime in you, the same tenderness, which nothing is able to alter, shall hinder me from complaining.

The moderation and calmness of *Constantia*, serv'd only to render the Prince more ashamed and confus'd : How Generous are you Madam, persu'd he, and how unfortunate am I. Some Tears accompanied his words, and the Princess, who lov'd him with extreme Ardor, was so sensibly touch'd at it, that it was a good while before she cou'd utter a word. *Constantia* then broke silence, and showing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to be

be written, you are betray'd Sir, added she, you have been heard speak, and your secret is known. It was at this very moment that all the forces of the Prince abandon'd him, and his condition was really worthy of Compassion ; he cou'd not pardon himself the involuntary crime he had committed, in exposing of the Lovely and the Innocent *Agnes* : and though he was convinc'd of the Virtue and Goodness of *Constantia*, the apprehensions he had that this modest and prudent Maid might suffer by his conduct, carry'd him beyond all consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully survey'd him, saw so many Marks of Dispair in his Face and Eyes, that she was affraid of the Consequences ; and holding out her Hand, in a very Obliging manner to him, she said, I promise, you Sir, I will never more complain on you, and that *Agnes* shall always be very dear to me ; you shall never hear me make you any reproaches. And since I cannot possess your Heart, I will content my self with endeavoring to render my self worthy of it. *Don Pedro* more confus'd and dejected, than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the Feet of *Constantia*, and with respect kiss'd that fair kind Hand she had given him ; and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a moment.

But LOVE soon put a stop to all the little Advances of *Hymen*, the fatal Star that pre-
sided

sided over the Destiny of *Don Pedro*, had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moments Sight of *Agnes* gave new Forces to his Passion.

The Wish and Desires of this charming Maid had no Part in this Victory; her Eyes were just, though penetrating, and they searched not in those of the Prince, what they had a Desire to discover to her.

As she was never far from *Constantia*, *Don Pedro* was no sooner gone out of the Closet, but *Agnes* entred; and finding the Princess all Pale and Languishing in her Chair, she doubted not but there was some sufficient Cause for her Affliction; she put her self in the same Posture the Prince had been in before, and expressing an Inquietude, full of Concern, Madam, said she, by all your Goodness, conceal not from me the Cause of your Trouble: Alas *Agnes*, replied the Princess, What would you know? And what should I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my dearest Maid is in Love; the Hand that he gave me was not a Present of his Heart; and for the Advantage of this Alliance, I must become the Victim of it. — What! the Prince in Love, replied *Agnes*, (with an Astonishment mixt with Indignation) What Beauty can dispute the Empire over a Heart so much your due? Alas, Madam, all the Respect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring against him. Accuse him of nothing

thing, interrupted *Constantia*, he does what he can; and I am more obliged to him for desiring to be Faithful, than if I possess his real Tenderness. It is not enough to Fight, but to Overcome; and the Prince does more in the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reasonably to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable one; to whom nothing is wanting, but what I cannot inspire, that is a Passion which wou'd have made me but too Happy. Ah, Madam, cry'd out *Agnes*, transported with her Tenderness for the Princess, he is a blind and stupid Prince, who knows not the pretious Advantages he possesses. He must surely know Something, reply'd the Princess, modestly; but, Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, Is there any thing, not only in *Portugal*, but in all *Spain*, that can compare with you? And, without considering the Charming Qualities of your Person, can we enough admire those of your Soul? My dear *Agnes*, interrupted *Constantia*, Sighing, she who robs me of my Husband's Heart, has but too many Charms, to plead his Excuse, since it is thou, Child, whom Fortune makes use of, to give me this Killing Blow. Yes, *Agnes*, the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art possess of, puts Bounds to my Complaints, without suffering me to have the least Resentment.

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear what

what the Princess told her, Thunder wou'd have less surpris'd, and less oppress'd her: She remained a long time without speaking, but at last fixing her Looks all frightful on *Constantia*, What say you, Madam? (cry'd she) And what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I should betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repose of your Life, do I bring a fatal Poyson to afflict it? What Detestation must I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aspiring to make it appear? and how ought I to curse the Unfortunate Day in which I first saw the Prince? — but, Madam, it cannot be me, whom Heaven has chosen to torment you, and to destroy all your Tranquillity: No, it cannot be so much my Enemy, to put me to so great a Tryal: And if I were that odious Person, there is no Excuse or Punishment to which I would not Condemn my Self; it is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince loves, and lov'd before his Marriage with you, and also before his Devorce from *Bianca*: And some Body has made an indiscreet Report to you of this Intrigue of his Youth; but, Madam, what was in the time of *Bianca*, is nothing to you. It is certain that *Don Pedro* loves you, answered the Princess; and I have Vanity enough to believe that none besides your Self cou'd have disputed his Heart with me; but the Secret is discover'd, and *Don Pedro* has not disowned it; What, interrupted

rupted *Agnes*, (more surpris'd than ever) Is it then from Himself you have learnt his Weakness? The Princess then shew'd her the Verses, and there was never any Dispair like to hers.

While they were both thus sadly employed, both Sighing, and both Weeping, the impatient *Elvira* who was willing to learn the Effect of her Malice, return'd to the Apartment of the Princess, where she freely entered, even to the Cabinet where these unhappy Persons were; whom all afflicted and troubled as they were blusht at her approach, whose Company they did not desire; she had the pleasure to see *Constantia* hide from her the Paper which had been the cause of all their Trouble, and which the Princess had never seen but for her Spight and Revenge; and to observe also in the Eyes of the Princess and those of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief; she stay'd in the Cabinet as long as it was necessary to be assur'd that she had succeeded in her Design, but the Princess who did not desire such a Witness of the disorder, in which she then was, desir'd to be left alone *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Castro* withdrew at the same time.

It was in her own Chamber that *Agnes* examining more freely this adventure found it as cruel as Death: She lov'd *Constantia* sincerely, and had not till then any thing
more

more than an Esteem mixt with Admiration for the Prince of *Portugal*, which indeed none could refuse to so many fine Qualities. And looking on her self as the most unfortunate of her Sex, as being the cause of all the suffering of the Princess to whom she was oblig'd for the greatest Bounties, she spent the whole Night in Tears, and complaints sufficient to have revenged *Constantia* of all the Grievs she made her suffer.

The Prince, on his side, was in no greater Tranquillity; the Generosity of his Princess encreas'd his Remorse, without diminishing his Love, he fear'd, and with Reason that those who were the Occasion of *Constantia*'s seeing those Verses should discover his Passion to the King, from whom he hop'd for no Indulgence, and he would most willingly have given his Life to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princess languisht in a most deplorable Sadness, she found nothing in those who were the Cause of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderneſs than her Anger; it was in vain that Jealousy strove to combat the Inclination she had to love her fair Rival; nor was any Occasion of making the Prince less dear to her, and she felt neither Hatred, nor so much as Indifference for Innocent *Agnes*.

While these three disconsolate Persons
abandon'd

abandon'd themselves to their Melancholy. *Elvira*, not to leave her vengeance imperfect, study'd in what manner she might bring it to the height of its effects. Her Brother on whom she depended shew'd her a great deal of Friendship; and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro*, to *Agnes de Castro* wou'd not be approv'd by the King, she acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the passion the Prince had once protested to have for his Sister. He found himself very much interested in this News, from a secret passion he had for *Agnes*; whom the business of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from discovering: And he expected a great many Favors from the King, that might render the effort of his Heart the more considerable.

He hid not from his Sister this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; so that she was now posses'd with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* sovereign of all the Hearts, to which she had a pretention.

Don Alvaro was one of those ambitious Men, that are Fierce without Moderation, and Proud without Generosity; of a Melancholy, cloudy Humor; of a Cruel inclination, and to effect his ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts ought to have held the first rank in the Heart of the King, which should have set bounds to
C favor

favor of *Don Alvaro* ; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his jealousy increas'd his hate of him; and he conjur'd *Elvira* to employ all her care, to oppose an engagement that cou'd not but be destructive to 'em both ; she promis'd him, and he not very well satisfy'd rely'd on her Address.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a representation within himself of the Beauties and Graces of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing but how to combat his Merits, he himself being not handsome or well made : his Fashion was as disagreeable as his Humour, and *Don Pedro* had all the advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine all that *Don Alvaro* wanted adorn'd the Prince : But as he was the Husband of *Constantia*, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more assur'd of *Agnes*, and fixt his hopes on that thought.

He knew very well that the passion of *Don Pedro* cou'd not but inspire a violent anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first business was to carry this unwelcome news to him : after he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his Amorous Affair, and to be the protector of his person.

Though

Though *Don Alvaro*, had no other merit to recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind obedience to all his Commands ; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty, and considering the height to which the Kings liberality had rais'd him, there were few Lady's that would have refus'd his Alliance. The King assur'd him of the continuation of his Friendship and Favour, and promis'd him if he had any Authority he wou'd give him the Charming *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilfull in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound submission. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her ; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and sought all means to do it.

The Gallantry, which *Coimbra* seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awaken'd. The King, to please *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Constantia*, order'd some publick sports, and commanded that every thing shou'd be very magnificent.

Since the adventure of the Verses *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled : but in his Heart he suffer'd always alike, and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Turnament. And since he cou'd not appear with the colors

of *Agnes*, he took those of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

Don Alvaro, adorn'd himself with the Liv'ries of *Agnes de Castro*; and this fair Maid who had yet found no consolation from what the Princess had told her, had this new cause of being displeas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the List with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who look'd on this Day at his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mixt with Stones of blew, which were the colors of *Agnes*: and there was Embroiderd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blew Velvet; and Nets for the snares of Love with abundance of double A's, his device was a Love coming out of a Cloud with these Verses written underneath.

*Love from a Cloud, breaks like the God of
Day
And to the World his Glorys does display;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em
know
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they
owe.*

The pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him against the Ground with Twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the

the Day. There was in the Evening a Noble Assembly at *Constantia's*, where *Agnes* wou'd not have been unless expressly commanded by the Princess. She appear'd there all negligent and careless in her Dress, but yet she appear'd all Beaurifull and Charming. She saw, with disdain, her Name and her colours worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph: and if her Heat were capable of any tender motions, it was not for such a Man as he, for whom her delicacy destin'd them: She lookt on him with a contempt, which did not hinder him from pressing so near, that there was a necessity for her to hear, what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivily, but her Coldness would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. *Madam*, said he, (when he could be heard of none but her self)

I have hitherto concealed the passion you have inspir'd me with, fearing it should displease you; but it has committed a violence on my respect: and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions, answered Agnes, with all the indifference of which she was capable, and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong, to make me perceive it. This coldness is but an ill omen for me, reply'd Don Alvaro, and if you have not found me out to be your Lover to Day, I fear you will never approve my Passion.

*Oh! what a time you have chosen to make it
C 3 appear*

appear to me (pursued Agnes) is it so great an Honor for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintained it in the Turnament; and if it be that vanity that you depend upon, you'll make no great progress, on a Soul that is not fond of shame. If you were posses'd of all the advantages, which the Prince has this Day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touch'd with enterprizes, without Respect or Permission ask'd.

The Favorite of the King was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation; but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which increased his Jealousies) if I have not overcome at the Turnament, reply'd he, I am not the less in Love for being vanquish'd, nor the less capable of Success on other Occasions.

They were interrupted here, but from that Day *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted *Agnes*; yet though he were protected by the King, that inspir'd, in her, never the more Consideration for him.

Don Pedro was always ignorant by what means

means the Verses he had lost in the Garden, fell into the Hands of *Constantia*: as the Princess appeared to him indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the Love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then so well known, increas'd the Pain; and had he been posses'd of the Authority, he would not have suffered her to have been expos'd to the Persecutions of so unworthy a Rival. He was also afraid of the King's being advertised of his Passion, but he thought not at all of *Elvira's*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Resentment.

While she burnt with a Desire of destroying *Agnes*, against whom she vented all her Venom; and she was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, assuring him, That though they could not prove, that *Agnes* made any Returns to the Tenderness of the Prince; yet that was the Cause of *Constantia's* Grief. And, that if this Princess should dye of it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine, she so incenc'd the Jealous *Don Alvaro's* Jealousy, that he could not hinder himself from running immediately to the King, with the Discovery of all he knew, and all he guess'd, and whom he had the Pleasure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. My dear *Alvaro*, said the King, you shall instantly marry this dangerous Beauty. And let Possession assure your Repose, and mine. If

I have protected you in other Occasions, judge what a Service of so great an Importance for me would make me undertake; and, without any Reserve, the Forces of this State are in your Power, and almost any thing that I can give, shall be assur'd you; so you render your self Master of the Destiny of *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Master's Bounty, made use of all the Authority he gave him: he passionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the sudden, make use of Violence; but resolv'd with himself to employ all possible Means to win her fairly; but if that fail'd, to have Recourse to force, if she continued always insensible.

While *Agnes de Castro* (importun'd by his Affiduities, despairing at the Grief of *Constantia*, and perhaps made tender by those she had caus'd in the Prince of Portugal) took a Resolution worthy of her Virtue; yet as Amiable as *don Pedro* was, she found nothing in him but his being Husband to *Constantia*, that was dear to her: and, far from encouraging the Power she had got over his Heart, she thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*; the Passion of *Don Alvaro*, which she had no Inclination to Favour, serv'd her as a Pretext, and press'd with the Fear of causing, in the End, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his

his Princess, she went to find *Constantia*, with a Trouble, which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortune having not chang'd their Friendship: —What ails you, *Agnes*? said the Princess to her, in a soft Tone, and her ordinary Sweetness; and what new Misfortune causes that Sadness in thy Looks? Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, shedding a Rivulet of Tears, The Obligations and Ties I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal; I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of passing it near your Highness; yet I must carry, to some other part of the World, this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my Self at your Feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.

Constantia was so surpris'd and touch'd with the Proposition of *Agnes*, that she lost her Speech for some moments; Tears, which were sincere, exprest her first Sentiments: And after having shed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderness to the Fair afflicted *Agnes*, she with a sad and melancholy Look, fixt her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a most obliging manner, Sighing, cry'd — you will then, my dear *Agnes*, leave me? And expose

expose me to the Griefs of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam, interrupted this lovely Maid, hide from the Unhappy *Agnes* a Bounty, which does but increase her Misfortunes. It is not I, Madam, that would leave you, it is my Duty, and my Reason that orders my Fate. And those Days which I shall pass far from you, promise me nothing to oblige me to this Design, if I did not see my Self absolutely forc'd to it: I am not ignorant of what passes at *Coimbra*; and I shall be an Accomplice of the Injustice there committed, if I should stay there any longer. — ah, I know your Virtue, cry'd *Constantia*, and you may remain here, in all Safety, while I am your Protectress, and let what will happen, I will accuse you of nothing. There's no answering for what's to come, reply'd *Agnes*, sadly; and I shall be sufficiently Guilty, if my Presence cause Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Beside, Madam, the Importunities of *Don Alvaro* are insupportable to me; and though I find nothing but Aversion for him, since the King protects his Insolence, and he's in a Condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is absolutely necessary; but, Madam, tho' he has nothing but what seems odious to me. I call Heaven to witness, that if I could cure the Prince by marrying *Don Alvaro*, I would not consider of it a moment; and finding in my Punishment the Consolation

on

on of Sacrificing my Self to my Princess, I would support it without murmuring. But if I were the Wife of *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* would always look upon me with the same Eyes: so that I find nothing more reasonable for me than to hide my Self in some Corner of the World; where, though I shall most certainly live without Pleasure, yet, I shall preserve the Repose of my dearest Mistress. All the Reason you find in this Design, answered the Princess, cannot oblige me to approve of your Absence: Will it restore me the Heart of *Don Pedro*? And will he not fly away with you; his Grief is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him despair then, if you love me. I know ye, I tell you so once more; and let your Power be never so great over the Heart of the Prince, I will not suffer you to abandon us.

Though *Agnes* thought she had perfectly known *Constantia*, yet she did not expect to find so intire a Virtue in her, which made her think her self more Happy, and the Prince more Criminal. Oh! Wisdom! Oh Bounty without Example! (cry'd she) Why is it that the cruel Destinies do not give you all you deserve? You are the Disposer of my Actions, continued she (in kissing the Hand of *Constantia*) I'll do nothing but what you'll have me: But consider, weigh well the Reasons that ought to counsel you in the Measures you oblige to take.

Don

Don Pedro, who had not seen the Princess all that Day, came in then, and finding 'em both extremely troubl'd; with a fierce impatience, demanded the Cause: Sir, Answered *Constantia*, *Agnes* too Wise, and too Scrupulous, fears the effects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at *Coimbra*; and it was on this Subject, (which cannot be agreeable to me) that she ask'd my Advice. The Prince grew pale at this Discourse; and snatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern, than posselt either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, *Agnes cannot fail, if she follow your Counsel, Madam; and I leave you full liberty to give it her.* He then immediately went out, and the Princess, whose Heart he perfectly posselt, not being able to hide her displeasure, said, *My dear Agnes, if my satisfaction did not only depend on your conversation, I should desire it of you, for Don Pedro's sake; it is the only advantage that his unfortunate Love can hope; and wou'd not the World have reason to call me Barbarous, if I contributed to deprive him of that? But the sight of me will prove a Poison to him.* — Reply'd *Agnes*, and what should I do, my Princess. if after the reserve he has hitherto kept, his Mouth should add any thing to the Torments I have already felt, by speaking to me of his flame? You would hear him sure, without causing him to despair, reply'd *Constantia*; and I should put this Obligation to the account of the rest you have done me.

Wou'd

Wou'd you then have me expect those events which I fear, Madam? Reply'd *Agnes*, well — I will Obey, but just Heavens, pursu'd she, if they prove fatal, do not punish an Innocent Heart for it. Thus this Conversation ended. *Agnes* withdrew into her Chamber, but it was not to be more at ease.

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the design of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel agitation in his Soul; he wish'd he had never lov'd her, and desired a Thousand times to dye: But it was not for him to make Vows against a thing which Fate had design'd him; and whatever resolutions he made, to bear the absence of *Agnes*, his tenderness had not force enough to consent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himself, he determin'd to do, what was impossible for him, to let *Agnes* do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleness, in which he pass'd the most youthful, and vigorous of his Days; and making it appear to the King, that his Allyes, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father in Law, had concerns in the World, which demanded his presence on the Frontiers; he easily obtain'd liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princess wou'd put no obstacle.

Agnes saw him part without any concern, but it was not upon the account of any aversion she had for him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his importunity, an open Persecution;

secution ; he forgot nothing that might touch the insensible *Agnes* ; and made use, a long time, only of the Arms of Love : But seeing that his submissions and respect was to no purpose, he form'd strange designs.

As the King had a deference for all his Counsels, it was not difficult to inspire him with what he had a mind to : he complain'd of the ingrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that she was not cruel to him, on his own account ; but from the too much sensibility she had for the Prince. The King who was extream angry at this, reiterated all the promises he had made him.

The King had not yet spoke to *Agnes*, in favor of *Don Alvaro* ; and not doubting but his approbation wou'd surmount all Obstacles, he took an occasion to entertain her with it. And removing some distance from those who might hear him, I thought *Don Alvaro* had merit enough, said he to her, to have obtain'd a little share in your esteem ; and I could not imagine, there would have been any necessity of my soliciting it for him : I know you are very Charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you ; and when you shall reflect on the choice my Friendship has made of him, from among all the great Men of my Court, you will do him, at the same time, Justice. His fortune is none of the meanest, since he has me for his Protector : He is nobly Born, a Man of Honor
and

and Courage ; he adores you ; and it seems to me, that all these reasons are sufficient to vanquish your Pride.

The Heart of *Agnes* was so little disposed, to give it self to *Don Alvaro*, that all that the King of *Portugal* had said, had no effect on her, in his favor. If *Don Alvaro*, Sir, answered she, were without Merit, he possess advantages enough in the bounty your Majesty is pleas'd to Honor him with, to make him Master of all things. It is not that I find any Defect in him, that I answer not his desires : But Sir, by what obstinate Power, wou'd you that I should Love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender ? And why should you pretend that I should submit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my Liberty ? You are not so free, nor so insensible, as you say (answered the King, blushing, with Anger.) And if your Heart were exempt from all sorts of Affection, he might expect a more reasonable return, than what he finds. But imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate, (added he, in Fury) What pretensions have you to *Don Pedro* ? Hitherto, I have bid the Chagreen, which his Weakness and yours gave me, but it was not the less violent for being bid : And since you oblige me to break out, I must tell you, that if my Son were not already married to *Constantia*, he should never be your Husband ; renounce then those vain Ideas, which will cure him, and justify you.

The

The Courageous *Agnes* was scarce Mistress of the first Transports, at a Discourse so full of Contempt; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, she recover'd her self by the assistance of Reason. And considering the Outrage she receiv'd, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and possess'd by *Don Alvaro*: She thought him not worthy of her resentment; her fair Eyes animated themselves with so shining a vivacity, they answer'd for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them stedfastly on the King, *If the Prince Don Pedro have Weaknesses, (reply'd she) with an Air disdainful, be never communicated 'em to me; and I am certain, I never contributed willfully to 'em: But to let you see how little I regard your Desistance, and to put my Glory in safety, I will live far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit Coimbra with pleasure, and for this Man who is so dear to you, (answered she with a noble Pride and Fierceness, of which the King felt all the Force) for this Favorite, so worthy to possess the most tender Affections of a great Prince, I assure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the least Remembrance of him. At these words she made a profound Reverence, and made such haste from his Presence, that he could not oppose her going if he would.*

The

The King was now more strongly convinced than ever, that she favoured the passion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Constantia* to inspire her with the same thought; but she was not capable of receiving such impressions, and following her own natural inclinations, she generously defended the Virtue of *Agnes*. The King angry to see her so well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproach'd her with the sweetness of her temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro's* Rage, who was totally confounded when he saw the Negotiation of his Master had taken no Effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, said he to the King, and despises the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I resist so fatal a Passion? But I must love her in spite of my self, and if this flame consume me, I can find no way to extinguish it; what can I farther do for you, reply'd the King? Alas! Sir, answered *Don Alvaro*, I must do by force what I cannot otherwise hope from the Proud and cruel *Agnes*. Well then added the King, since it is not fit for me to Authorise publicly a Violence in the midst of my Kingdom, chuse those of my Subjects which you think most capable of serving you, and take away by force, the Beauty that charms you, and if she do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Master of in Execution to oblige her to Marry you.

Don Alvaro ravish'd with this Proposition, which at the same time flattered both his Love
D and

and Anger, cast himself at the feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgment by fresh Protestations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjust Authority against *Agnes*.

Don Pedro had been about three Months absent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King Counsell'd him to; tho the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Presence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he wou'd avoid all Disputes.

One Night when the sad *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, she heard a Noise, and after saw some Men unknown enter her Chamber, whose Measures being well consulted they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a close Coach, forc'd her out of *Coimbra*, without being hindred by any Obstacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to suspect; *Don Alvaro* seem'd too puissant to seek his satisfaction this way, and she accus'd not the Prince of this Attempt, of whom she had so favourable an Opinion; what ever she cou'd think or say, she cou'd not hinder her ill fortune, they hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day were a considerable way off from the Town.

As soon as Day began to break, she surveyed those that incompass'd her, without so much as knowing one of them; and seeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with these deaf Ravishers, she satisfied her self with imploring the Protection of Heav'n, and abandon'd her self to its Conduct.

While

While she fate thus overwhelm'd with grief, uncertain of her Destiny, she saw a body of Horse advance towards the Troop which Conducted her. The Ravishers did not shun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro*; but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal*, who was at the head of 'em, and who without foreseeing the occasion, that would offer it self of serving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her Idea, after having perform'd what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes who did not expect him, chang'd now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince, that had caused her to be stolen away. Oh Sir, said she to him, having still the same thought, Is it you that have torn me from the Princess? and cou'd so cruel a blow come from a hand that is so dear to her, what will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who desires nothing but Death? And why will you obscure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you? This Language astonished the Prince, no less than the sight of *Agnes* had done, he found by what she had said, that she was taken away by force, and immediately passing to the height of Rage, he made her understand by one only look, that he was not the base Author of her trouble. I tear you from *Constantia*? whose only pleasure you are, replied he, What Opinion have you of *Don Pedro*? No Madam though you see me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you, and there is nothing, I will
D 2 refuse

refuse to hinder it; he then turn'd himself to behold the ravishers, but his Presence had already scatter'd 'em; he order'd some of his Men to pursue 'em, and to seize some of 'em that he might know what Authority it was that set 'em at Work.

During this, *Agnes* was no less confus'd than before; she admir'd the Conduct of her Destiny, that brought the Prince at a time, when he was so necessary to her; her Inclinations to do him Justice, soon repair'd the Offence her Suspicions had caus'd; she was glad to have escaped a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her, but this was not a sincere Joy, when she consider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who ow'd his heart to the most Amiable Princess in the World.

While the Princes Men were pursuing the Ravishers of *Agnes*, he was left almost alone with her, and though he had always resolv'd to shun being so, yet his constancy was not Proof against so fair an Occasion: Madam said he to her, is it possible that Men born amongst those that Obey us, shou'd be capable of offending you? I never thought my self Destined to revenge such an Offence; but since Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will either Perish or make them repent it; Sir, replied *Agnes*, more concerned at this Discourse than at the Enterprize of *Don Alvaro*, those who are wanting in their respect to the Princess and you, are not obliged to have any for me.

I do not in the least doubt but *Don Alvaro* was the Undertaker of this Enterprize, and I judg'd what I ought to fear from him, by what his importunities have already made me suffer. He is sure of the Kings Protection, and he will make him an Accomplice in his Crime; but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither happily for me, and I owe you for the liberty I have of serving the Princess yet longer. You will do for *Constantia*, reply'd the Prince, what 'tis impossible not to do for you, your goodness attaches you to her, and my Destiny engages me to you for ever.

The modest *Agnes* who fear'd this discourse as much as the Misfortune she had newly shunn'd, answered nothing but by down cast Eyes, and the Prince who knew the trouble she was in, left her to go speak to his Men, who brought back one of those that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by whose confession he found the Truth; he pardon'd him, thinking not fit to Punish him, who obey'd a Man whom the weakness of his Father had render'd Powerful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began to make a great Noise; the Princess was ready to Die with despair, and at first thought it was only a continuation of the design this fair Maid had of retiring; but some Women that serv'd her having told the Princess, that she was carried away by Violence, *Constantia* made her complaint to the King who regarded her not at all.

‘Madam, said he to her, let this fatal Plague
 ‘remove it self, who takes from you the heart
 ‘of your Husband, and without afflicting your
 ‘self for her Absence, bless Heaven and me for
 ‘it.

The Generous Princess took *Agnes’s* part
 with a great deal of Courage, and was then
 disputing her defence with the King, when
Don Pedro arriv’d at *Coimbra*.

The first Object that met the Princes Eyes
 was *Don Alvaro*, who was passing through
 one of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a
 crowd of Courtiers, whom his favour with
 the King drew after him. This sight made *Don*
Pedro rage, but that of the Princess and *Agnes*,
 caus’d in him another sort of Emotion: He easi-
 ly Divin’d that it was *Don Pedro*, who had
 taken her from his Men, and if his fury had
 acted what it wou’d, it might have produc’d
 very sad effects.

“*Don Alvaro*, said the Prince to him, is it
 “thus you make use of the Authority which
 “the King my Father has given you? have you
 “receiv’d Employments and Power from him
 “for no other end but to do base Actions, and
 “to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you Ig-
 “norant how the Princess Interests her self in
 “all that concerns this Maid? and do you not
 “know the tender and Affectionate esteem she
 “has for her? No reply’d *Don Alvaro* (with
 an Insolence which had like to have put the
 Prince past all Patience) “I am not Ignorant
 “of it, nor of the interest your heart takes in
 “her. Base and treacherous as thou art, re-
 “plyed

“ply’d the Prince, neither the favour which
 “thou hast so much abused, nor the Insolence
 “which makes thee speak this, shou’d hinder
 “me from punishing thee, wert thou worthy
 “of my Sword, but there are other ways to
 “humble thy Pride, and ’tis not fit for such
 “an Arm as mine to seek so base an Im-
 “ployment, as to punish such a slave as thou
 “art.

Don Pedro went away at these words and
 left *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be ex-
 press’d; despair to see himself defeated in an
 Enterprize he thought so sure, and at the
 Contempt the Prince show’d him, he prom-
 is’d himself to Sacrifice all to his Re-
 venge.

Though the King lov’d his Son, he was so
 prepossess’d against his Passion, that he cou’d
 not Pardon him what he had done, and Con-
 demn’d him as much for this last Act of Justice
 in delivering *Agnes*, as if it had been the
 greatest of Crimes.

Elvira whom the sweetness of hope flatter’d
 some Moments, saw the return of *Agnes*
 with a sensible Displeasure, which suffer’d
 her to think of nothing but irritating her
 Brother.

In fine, the Prince saw the King; but instead
 of being receiv’d by him with a joy due to
 the Success of his Journey, he appear’d all
 fullen and out of Humour. After having paid
 him his first Respects, and gave him an exact
 Account of what he had done, he spoke to him
 about the Violence committed against the

Person of *Agnes de Castro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princess and of his Own, 'You ought to be silent in this 'Affair, reply'd the King, and the Motive 'which makes you speak, is so shameful for 'you, that I sigh and blush at it ; what is it to 'you if this Maid, whose presence is trouble- 'some to me, be remov'd hence, since 'tis I 'that desire it ? But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, 'what Necessity is there of imploying force, 'Artifice, and the Night, when the least of 'your Orders had been sufficient, *Agnes* wou'd 'willingly have obey'd you ; and if she con- 'tinue at *Coimbra*, 'tis perhaps against her 'will, but be it as it will, Sir, *Constantia* is 'offended, and if it were not for fear of displea- 'sing you, (the only thing that Retains me) 'the Ravisher shou'd not have gone Unpu- 'nish'd. How happy are you, reply'd the 'King smiling with disdain, in making Use of 'the Name of *Constantia*, to uphold the interest 'of your Heart, you think I am ignorant of it, 'and that this unhappy Princess looks on the 'injury you do her with indifference. Never 'speak to me more of *Agnes*, with a Tone 'very severe : 'Content your self that I Pardon 'what's past, and think maturely of the Con- 'siderations I have for *Don Alvaro*, when you 'wou'd design any thing against him. Yes, Sir, 'reply'd the Prince with fierceness, I will speak 'to you no more of *Agnes*, but *Constantia* and 'I will never suffer that she shou'd be any more 'expos'd to the insolence of your favourite. The King had like to have broke out into
rage

Rage at this Discourse ; but he had yet a Rest of Prudence left that hinder'd him. *Retire*, (said he to *Don Pedro*,) and go make *Refle- ctions on what my Power can do, and what you owe me*.

During this Conversation, *Agnes* receiv'd from the Princess, and all the Ladies of the Court, Testimonies of Joy and Friendship ; *Constantia* saw her Husband again, with a great deal of satisfaction ; and was so far from being troubled at what he had done for *Agnes*, that she return'd him particular Thanks for it, and appear'd to him still the same Person, notwithstanding the Jealousies they wou'd have inspir'd her with.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Sister a Ma- lice worthy of his Confidence, hid not from her his fury. When she had made vain Efforts to moderate it, by striving to chase *Agnes* from his Heart ; finding his Distemper was incurable, she made him to understand, that as long as *Constantia* was not jealous, there was nothing to hope ; th t if *Agnes* came once to be suspected by her, she wou'd not fail to abandon her ; and that then it wou'd be easie for him to satisfy himself. The Prince being proud of indulging *Constantia*, beside the giving Counsel to her Brother, she promis'd faithfully to serve him ; and having no need but of her self to carry on a base Design, she recommended to *Don Alvaro* nothing but the Management of the King.

Four Years pass'd after this sad manner, and the Princess (beside her first Son dead, and

Fernando

Fernando yet living) brought into the World two Daughters.

Some Days after the Return of *Don Pedro*, *Elvira*, skilful in the Art of managing a Criminal Affair, so wrought on one of the Maids that serv'd in the Chamber of the Princess, that after having flatter'd her, and bestow'd Presents upon her, (finding an Inclination in her as prone to Ill as her own,) she did not at all scruple to make use of it.

When she was sure of her Compliance, she compos'd a Letter, which was writ with a Character that cou'd not be known, and putting it into the Hands of this Maid, to give to *Constantia*, as she shou'd find Occasion; bidding her withal to say, she saw it fall from the pocket of *Agnes*. The Letter was in these Terms.

The Letter.

I Make no use of my own Hand to write to you, for certain Reasons which I will tell you. Oh, how happy am I, to have overcome all your Scruples! And what a Blessing shall I find in the Continuation of our Converse! All the Actions of my Life shall make known to you the Sincerity of my Love: But think of the particular Entertainment I desire of you: Every one that approaches you, seems to me to steal something

thing from you; which gives me an insupportable Pain. I dare not speak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have suffer'd, to come to-night to the place appointed, and speak to me no more of *Constantia*; for she must be content with my Esteem, since my Heart can be only yours.

The unfaithful *Portuguese* serv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Desires; and the very next Day, seeing *Agnes* go out from the Princess, she carry'd *Constantia* the Letter; which she took, and found there what she was far from imagining. Tenderness never produc'd an Effect more full of Grief, than what it made her suffer. *Alas*, they are both culpable (said she, sighing;) and in spite of the Defence my Heart wou'd make for 'em, my Reason condemns 'em. Unhappy Princess, the sad Subject of the Capriciousness of Fortune! why dost thou not die, since thou hast not a Heart of a Humour to revenge it self? O *Don Pedro*! Why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, Fair, and Ungrateful! Wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only Cause of my Death. After having given some Moments to the Violence of her Grief, she call'd the Maid who brought her the Letter, commanding her to speak of it to no body, and to suffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She

She consider'd then that Prince with more Liberty, whose Soul she was not able to touch with the least Tenderness; and of the cruel Fair One, that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, she was willing to excuse 'em, and ready to do all she cou'd for *Don Pedro*; at least, she made a firm Resolution, not to complain of him.

Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had pass'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princess, from whom she hop'd all she desir'd.

Agnes, far from fore-seeing this Tempest, return'd to *Constantia*; and hearing of her Indisposition, pass'd the rest of the Day at her Chamber-door, that she might from time to time learn News of her Health, for she was not suffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both surpriz'd and troubl'd. The Prince had the same Destiny, and was astonish'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next Day *Constantia* appear'd, but so alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what she had suffer'd. *Agnes* was the most impatient to approach her, and the Princess cou'd not forbear weeping. They were both silent for some time, and *Constantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to some Remorse which she felt; and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer, *Is it possible, Madam* (said she,) *that two Days shou'd have taken from me all the Goodness you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you punish me?* The Princess regarded her with a languishing Look, and return'd

return'd her no Answer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this Reserve, went out with very great Dis-satisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Constantia* more disorder'd than usual, and conjur'd her in a most obliging manner to take care of her Health. *The greatest Good for me* (said she) *is not the Continuation of my Life: I shou'd have more Care of it if I lov'd you less; but* ——— She cou'd not proceed; and the Prince, excessively afflicted at her Trouble, sigh'd sadly, without making her any Answer; which re-doubl'd her Grief. Spight then began to mix it self; and all things perswading the Princess that they made a Sacrifice of her, she wou'd enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but suffer'd him to go away without saying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reason, and consuming our Health, than secret Motions of Jealousie in Solitude.

Constantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing she had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her self so absolutely to Grief, that she was ready to sink under it: She immediately fell sick with the Violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the world beside. *Constantia's* Coldness towards her, made her continually sigh; and her Distemper, created meerly by Fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it self to her Memory;

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so that at last she began even to fear her self,
and to reproach her self for what the Princess
suffer'd.

But the Distemper began to be such, that
they fear'd *Constantia's* Death, and she her self
began to feel the Approaches of it. This
Thought did not at all disquiet her ; she look'd
on Death as the only Relief from all her Tor-
ments, and regarded the Despair of all that
approach'd her without the least Concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who
knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the
Extremity she was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who
lost not the least Occasion of making him un-
derstand, that it was Jealousie which was the
Cause of *Constantia's* Distemper, did but too
much incense him against Criminals worthy of
Compassion. The King was not of a Temper
to conceal his Anger long. ' You give fine
' Examples (*said he to the Prince,*) and such as
' will render your Memory illustrious ; and
' the Death of *Constantia* (of which you are on-
' ly to be accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your
' guilty Passion. Fear Heaven after this ; and
' behold your self as a Monster that does not
' deserve to see the Light. If the Interest you
' have in my Blood did not plead for you,
' what ought you not to fear from my just
' Resentment ? But what must not imprudent
' *Agnes*, to whom nothing ties me, expect
' from my Hands ? If *Constantia* dies, she,
' who has the Boldness in my Court, to cherish
' a foolish Flame by vain Hopes, and make us
' lose the most amiable Princess, whom thou
' art

(47)
' art not worthy to possess, shall feel the Ef-
' fects of her Indiscretion.

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Constantia*
was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes* ;
but he knew also with what Moderation she
receiv'd it : He was very sensible of the King's
Reproaches ; but as his Fault was not volun-
tary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal
Star had forc'd him to love in spite of him-
self, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd. ' You
' condemn me, Sir, (*answer'd he,*) without ha-
' ving well examin'd me ; and if my Intentions
' were known to you, perhaps you wou'd not
' find me so criminal : I wou'd take the Prin-
' cess for my Judge, whom you say, I sacri-
' fice, if she were in a Condition to be consul-
' ted. If I am guilty of any Weakness, her
' Justice never reproach'd me for it, and my
' Tongue never inform'd *Agnes* of it. But
' suppose I have committed any Fault, why
' wou'd you punish an innocent Lady, who
' perhaps condemns me for it as much as you.
' Ah, Villain ! (*interrupted the King,*) she has
' but too much favour'd you : You wou'd not
' have lov'd thus long, had she not made you
' some Returns. Sir, (*reply'd the Prince, pier-*
' *ced with Grief for the Outrage that was com-*
' *mitted against Agnes,*) you offend a Vertue,
' than which nothing can be purer ; and those
' Expressions which break from your Choler,
' are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never gran-
' ted me any Favours ; I never ask'd any of
' her ; and I protest to Heaven, I never
' thought of any thing contrary to the Duty I
' owe *Constantia*.

As

As they thus argu'd, one of the Princesses her Women came all in Tears, to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princess was in the last Extremities of Life. 'Go, see thy fatal Work,' (*said the King*), and expect from a too long patient Father the Usage thou deserv'it.

The Prince ran to *Constantia*, whom he found dying; and *Agnes* in a swoon, in the Arms of some of the Ladies. What caus'd this double Calamity was, that *Agnes*, who cou'd suffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princess, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and either to take her Life from her, or restore her Friendship.

Constantia, who found she must die, cou'd no longer keep her secret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after some Words, which were a Preparative to the sad Explanation, she shew'd her that fatal Billet which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written. 'Ah, Madam! (*cry'd out the fair Agnes*, after *having read it*;) Ah, Madam! 'How many cruel Inquietudes had you spar'd me, had you open'd your Heart to me with your wonted Bounty: 'Tis easie to see that this Letter is counterfeit, and that I have Enemies without Compassion. Cou'd you believe the Prince so imprudent, to make use of any other Hand than his own, on an Occasion like this? And do you believe me so simple, to keep about me this Testimony of my Shame, with so little Precaution? You are neither betray'd by your Husband, nor me; I attest Heaven, and those Efforts I have made, to leave *Coimbra*.

'Alas,

'Alas, my dear Princess! How little have you known her, whom you have so much honour'd? Do not believe, that when I have justify'd my self, I will have any more Communication with the World. No, no; there will be no Retreat far enough from hence for me. I will take care to hide this unlucky Face, where it shall be sure to do no more harm.

The Princess, touch'd at this Discourse, and the Tears of *Agnes*, press'd her Hand, which she held in hers; and fixing Looks upon her, capable of moving Pity in the most insensible Souls, 'If I have committed any Offence, my dear *Agnes*, (*answered she*), Death, which I expect in a Moment, shall revenge it. I ought also to protest to you, that I have not ceas'd loving you, and that I believe every thing you have said; giving you back my most tender Affections.

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppress'd 'em, put the Princess into such an Extremity, that they sent for the Prince. He came, and found himself almost without Life or Motive at this Sight: And what secret Motion soever might call him to the Aid of *Agnes*, 'twas to *Constantia* he ran. The Princess, who finding her last Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over, and finding she had no more Business with Life, and causing those Persons she most suspected to retire, 'Sir, (*said she to Don Pedro*), if I abandon Life without Regret, it is not without Trouble that I part with you. But, Prince, we must vanquish when

E

'we

' we come to die ; and I will forget my self
 ' wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I
 ' have no Reproaches to make against you,
 ' knowing that 'tis Inclination that disposes
 ' Hearts, and not Reason. *Agnes* is beautiful
 ' enough to inspire the most ardent Passion,
 ' and vertuous enough to deserve the first For-
 ' tunes in the World. I ask her once more
 ' Pardon for the Injustice I have done her, and
 ' recommend her to you, as a Person most
 ' dear to me. Promise me, my dear Prince,
 ' before I expire, to give her my Place in your
 ' Throne ; it cannot be better fill'd : You can-
 ' not chuse a Princess more perfect for your
 ' People, nor a better Mother for our little
 ' Children. And you, my dear, and my faith-
 ' ful *Agnes* (*pursued she ;*) listen not to a Ver-
 ' tue too scrupulous, that may make any Op-
 ' position to the Prince of *Portugal* : Refuse
 ' him not a Heart, of which he is worthy ;
 ' and give him that Friendship which you had
 ' for me, with that which is due to his Merit.
 ' Take care of my little *Fernando*, and the
 ' two young Princesses : Let 'em find me in
 ' you, and speak to 'em sometimes of me.
 ' Adieu ; live both of you happy, and receive
 ' my last Embraces.

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a
 little her Forces, lost 'em again a second time :
 Her Weakness was follow'd with Convulsions
 so vehement, that they were afraid of her
 Life ; but *Don Pedro* never remov'd from *Con-*
stantia. ' What, Madam, (*said he ;*) you
 ' will leave me then ; and you think 'tis for
 ' my

' my Good. Alas, *Constantia* ! if my Heart
 ' has committed any Out-rage against you,
 ' your Vertue has sufficiently reveng'd you on
 ' me, in spite of you. Can you think me so
 ' barbarous ? — As he was going on, he saw
 Death shut the Eyes of the most generous Prin-
 cess for ever ; and he was within a very little
 of following her.

But what Loads of Grief was this for *Ag-*
nes, when she found that in that Interval,
 when Life and Death were struggling in her
 Soul, that *Constantia* was newly expir'd : She
 would then have taken away her own Life,
 and have let her Despair fully appear.

At the Noise of the Death of the Princess,
 the Town and the Palace was all in Tears.
Elvira, who saw that *Don Pedro* free to en-
 gage himself, repented of having contributed
 to the Death of *Constantia*. *Don Pedro*, who
 accus'd himself of it, deplor'd his Misfor-
 tunes : And *Agnes*, who thought her self the
 Cause of it, promis'd her Griefs never to par-
 don her self.

She had need of being guarded several
 Days together ; during which time, she fail'd
 not incessantly to weep. And the Prince gave
 all those Days to deepest Mourning : But
 when the first Emotions were past, those of
 his Love made him feel that he was still the
 same.

He was a long time without seeing *Agnes*,
 but this Absence of his serv'd only to make
 her appear the more charming when he did see
 her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Castro*, who was now become insensible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the best of the Design she had begun, consulted all her Women's Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Inconstancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart.

She had taken a firm Resolution, since the Death of *Constantia*, to pass the rest of her Days in a solitary Retreat. In spite of the Pre-caution she took to hide this Design, the Prince was inform'd of it, and did all he was able to dispose his Constancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himself stronger than he really was; but after he had too well consulted his Heart, he found but too well how necessary the Presence of *Agnes* was to him. 'Madam, (*said he to her one Day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in Tears,*) which 'Action of my Life has made you determine 'my Death? Though I never told you how 'much I lov'd you, yet I am perswaded you 'are not ignorant of it. I was constrain'd 'to be silent, during some Years, for your 'sake, for *Constantia's*, and my own; but 'tis not possible for me to put this Force 'upon my Heart for ever: I must once, at 'least tell you how it languishes. Receive 'then the Assurances of a Passion, full of Respect and Ardour; with an Offer of my Fortune;

'tune, which I wish not better, but for your 'Advantage.

Agnes answer'd not immediately to these Words, but with abundance of Tears; which having wip'd away, and beholding *Don Pedro* with an Air which made him easily comprehend she did not agree with his Desires; 'If 'I were capable of the Weakness with which 'you wou'd inspire me, you wou'd be oblig'd 'to punish me for it. What! (*said she,*) 'Constantia is scarce bury'd, and you wou'd 'have me offend her! No, my Princess, ' (*added she, with more Softness;*) No, no: 'She whom you have heap'd so many Favours 'on, will not call down the Anger of Heaven, 'and the Contempt of Men upon her, by an 'Action so perfidious. Be not obstinate then 'in a Design, in which I will never shew you 'Favour. You owe to *Constantia*, after her 'Death, a Fidelity that may justify you: 'And I, to repair the Ills I have made her suffer, ought to shun all Converse with you. 'Go, Madam, (*reply'd the Prince, growing pale;*) go, and expect the News of my 'Death, in that part of the World, whither 'your Cruelty shall lead you; the News shall 'follow close after, you shall quickly hear of 'it, and I will go seek it in those Wars which 'reign among my Neighbours.

These Words made the fair *Agnes de Castro* perceive that her Innocency was not so great as she imagin'd, and that her Heart interested it self in the Preservation of *Don Pedro*. 'You 'ought, Sir, to preserve your Life, (*reply'd*
E 3 'Agnes,)

' Agnes,) for the sake of the little Prince and
 ' Princesses, which *Constantia* has left you.
 ' Wou'd you abandon their Youth (*contin'd*
 ' *she, with a tender Tone*) to the cruelty of *Don*
 ' *Alvaro*? Live, Sir, live! and let the un-
 ' happy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice. Alas,
 ' cruel Maid! (*interrupted Don Pedro*;) why
 ' do you command me to live, if I cannot live
 ' with you? Is it an Effect of your Ha-
 ' tred? No, Sir, (*reply'd Agnes*;) I do not
 ' hate you; and I wish to God that I cou'd be
 ' indifferent, that I might be able to defend
 ' my self against the Weakness with which I
 ' find my self possess'd. Oblige me to say no
 ' more, Sir: You see my Blushes, interpret
 ' them as you please; but consider yet, that
 ' the less Aversion I find I have for you, the
 ' more culpable I am; and that I ought no
 ' more to see, or speak to you. In fine, Sir;
 ' if you oppose my Retreat, I declare to you,
 ' that *Don Alvaro*, as odious as he is to me,
 ' shall serve for a Defence against you; and
 ' that I will sooner consent to marry a Man I
 ' abhor, than to favour a Passion that cost *Con-*
 ' *stantia* her Life. Well then, *Agnes*, (*reply'd*
 ' *the Prince, with Looks all languishing, and dy-*
 ' *ing*,) follow the Motions which barbarous
 ' Vertue inspires you with; take those Mea-
 ' sures you judge necessary, against an unfor-
 ' tunate Lover; and enjoy the Glory of ha-
 ' ving cruelly refus'd me.

At these Words he went away, and, as
 troubl'd as *Agnes* was, she wou'd not stay
 him; her Courage combated with her Grief,
 and

and she thought now, more than ever, of de-
 parting.

' Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coim-*
bra; and not to deferr what appear'd to her
 so necessary, she went immediately to the A-
 partment of the King, notwithstanding the
 interest of *Don Alvaro*. The King receiv'd
 her with a Countenance severe, not being able
 to consent to what she demanded. ' You shall
 ' not go hence, (*said he*;) and if you are
 ' wise, you shall enjoy here, with *Don Alva-*
 ' *ro*, both my Friendship, and my Favour. I
 ' have taken another Resolution, (*answer'd*
 ' *Agnes*,) and the World has no part in it.
 ' You will accept *Don Pedro*, (*reply'd the King*;)
 ' his Fortune is sufficient to satisfy an ambi-
 ' tious Maid: But you will not succeed *Con-*
stantia, who lov'd you so tenderly; and
 ' Spain has Princesses enough, to fill up part of
 ' the Throne which I shall leave him. Sir,
 ' (*reply'd Agnes, piqu'd at this Discourse*,) if I
 ' had a Disposition for Love, and a Design to
 ' marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only
 ' Person on whom I wou'd fix 'em: And you
 ' know, if my Ancestors did not possess
 ' Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em.
 ' But let it be how it will, I am resolv'd to de-
 ' part, and remain no longer a Slave in a place,
 ' to which I came free.

This bold Answer, which shew'd the Cha-
 racter of *Agnes*, anger'd, and astonish'd the
 King. You shall go when we think fit, (*reply'd*
 he) and without being a Slave at *Coimbra*, you
 shall attend our Orders.

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several Days, without daring to inform her self of the Prince; and this Retirement spar'd her the Affliction of being visited by *Don Alvaro*.

During this, *Don Pedro* fell sick; and was in so great Danger, that there was a general Apprehension of his Death. *Agnes* did not in the least doubt, but it was an Effect of his Discontent: She thought at first, she had Strength and Resolution enough to see him die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary: She found not in her Heart that cruel Constancy, she thought there so well establish'd; she felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and, in fine, discover'd that she lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserv'd so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction: The People, who lov'd him, pass'd whole Days at the Palace-gate, to hear News of him: The Court was all overwhelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadness. *Elvira*, full of Tendernefs, and perhaps of Remorse, suffer'd also on her side. The King, although he condemn'd the Love of his Son, yet still had a Tendernefs for him, and cou'd not resolve to lose him. *Agnes de Castro*, who knew the Cause of his Distemper,

per, expected the End of it, with strange Anxieties.

In fine, after a Month had pass'd away in fears, they began to have a little hopes of his recovery. The Prince, and *Don Alvaro* were the only Persons that were not glad of it. But *Agnes* rejoic'd enough for all the rest.

Don Pedro seeing that he must Live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but passing his Days in Melancholy and Discontent; as soon as he was in a condition to walk, he sought out the most solitary places; and gain'd so much upon his own weakness, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her *Idea* followed him always, and his Memory faithful to represent her to him, with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One Day when they had carried him into the Garden, he sought out a Labyrinth which was at the farthest part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during some hours; there he found the sad *Agnes*, whom grief little different from his, had brought thither; the sight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble; she saw by his Pale and Meagre face, the remains of his Distemper, his Eyes full of languishment troubled her, and though her desire was so great to have fled from him, an unknown Power stopt her, and 'twas impossible for her to go.

After some Moments of silence, which many sighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himself

self from the place, where his weakness had forc'd him to sit, he made *Agnes* see as he approached her the sad marks of his sufferings, and not content with the pity he saw in her Eyes, 'You have resolv'd my Death then, 'cruel *Agnes*, (*said he*) my desire was the same 'with yours, but Heaven has thought fit to reserve me for other Misfortunes, and I see you again as unhappy, but more in love than ever.

There was no need of these Words to move *Agnes* to Compassion, the languishment of the Prince spoke enough: And the heart of this fair Maid, was but too much dispos'd to yield it self. She thought then that *Constantia* ought to be satisfied, love which Combated for *Don Pedro* Triumph'd over Friendship, and found that happy Moment for which the Prince of *Portugal* had so long sigh'd.

'Do not reproach me, for that which has 'cost me more than you, Sir, (*replied she*) and do not accuse a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor Barbarous, and I must tell you that I love you, but now I have made you that Confession, what is it farther that you require of me. *Don Pedro* who expected not a change so favourable felt a double satisfaction, and falling at the Feet of *Agnes*, he express'd more by the silence of his Passion created, than he cou'd have done by the most Eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, he then consulted with the Amiable *Agnes*, what
was

was to be fear'd from the King; they concluded that the cruel Billet, which so troubled the last days of *Constantia*, cou'd come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince who knew that his Father had search'd already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favorites Marrying *Agnes*, Conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage; that after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. 'I will do what you will have me, ' (*said she*) though I presage nothing but fatal 'Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, 'when I think of this Marriage, and the Image 'of *Constantia* seems to hinder me from doing 'it.

The Amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the pleasure of a Mystery, and the Day of their Union arriv'd, *Dom Gill*, Bishop of *Guarda*, perform'd the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnesses, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of the fair *Agnes*.

She liv'd not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*, her Enemies who continually persecuted her left her not without Troubles, and the King whom her refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute commands on her, to Marry *Don Alvaro*, with threats to force her to it, if she continu'd Rebellious.

The

The Prince took lowdly her part, and this join'd to the refusal he made of Marrying the Princess of *Arragon*, caus'd suspicions of the Truth in the King his Father.

He was seconded by those that were too much interested, not to unriddle this secret. *Don Alvaro* and his Sister acted with so much care, gave so many gifts, and made so many Promises, that they discovered the secret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the Rage and Fury so great a Disappointment cou'd inspire him with, against the Princess. *Don Alvaro* whose love was chang'd into the most violent hatred, appeas'd the first Transports of the King, by making him comprehend that if they cou'd break the Marriage off 'em, that wou'd not be a sufficient Revenge, and so poison'd the Soul of the King, to consent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The Barbarous *Don Alvaro* offered his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was security for the Sacrifice.

The King who thought the Glory of his Family disgrac'd by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murder, to make the innocent *Agnes*, a Victim to his Rage.

It was not easie to execute this horrid design, though the Prince saw *Agnes* but in secret, yet all his Cares were still awake for

for her, and he was Marry'd to her above a year, before *Don Alvaro* cou'd find out an Opportunity so long sought for.

The Prince diverted himself but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*, but on a Day, an unfortunate Day, and mark'd out by Heaven for an unheard of and Horrid Assassin; he made a party to hunt at a fine House, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince satisfaction, but a secret trouble made her apprehend some Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. Sir, (*said she*) to him alarm'd without knowing the reason why I tremble, 'seeing you to day, as it were design'd the last of my Life. Preserve your self my Dear Prince, and though the Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beware of the least hazards, and bring me back all that I trust with you. *Don Pedro* who had never found her so handsome and so charming before embraced her several times, and went out of the Palace with his followers with a design not to return till the next Day.

He was no sooner gone but the Cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himself for the Execution, he had resolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it required more hands than his Own; and so chose for his Companions *Diego Lopes Pacheco*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monsters like himself, whose Cruelty he

he was assur'd of by the presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely *Agnes* was in her first sleep, which was the last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to *Don Alvaro*, who cou'd do every thing, and whom the blackest furies introduc'd to *Agnes*, she waken'd, and opening her Curtains, saw by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Poniard with which *Don Alvaro* was Arm'd, he having not his Face cover'd she easily knew him, and forgetting her self to think of nothing but the Prince. 'Just Heaven, (*said she*) lifting up her fine 'Eyes, If you will revenge *Constantia*, satisfy your self with my Blood only, and spare that of *Don Pedro*. The Barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more; and finding he cou'd never (by all he cou'd do by love) touch the heart of the fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Poniard; his Accomplishes gave her several Wounds, though there were no Necessity of so many to put an end to an innocent Life.

What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next Day, and what dismal News was this to the Unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*. He return'd to *Coimbra*, at the first report of this Adventure, and saw what had certainly cost him his Life, if Men cou'd Die of grief; after having a thousand times embrac'd the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and said all that a just Dispair cou'd inspire

inspire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that cou'd not hear him, in fine he saw the King, and without observing any respect, he gave a loose to his Resentment; after having rav'd a long time, overwhelm'd with grief he fell into a Swoond, which continued all that Day; they carried him into his Apartment, and the King believing that this Misfortune wou'd prove his cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Assassins, quitted *Coimbra*, this absence of theirs, made 'em appear guilty of the Crime, for which the afflicted Prince vow'd a speedy Vengeance to the Ghost of his lovely *Agnes*, resolving to pursue them to the uttermost part of the Universe; he got a considerable Number of Men together, sufficient to have made resistance, even on the King of *Portugal* himself, if he shou'd yet take the part of the Murderers, with these he ravag'd the whole Country, as far as the *Duro* Waters, and carried on a War, even till the Death of the King; continually mixing tears with Blood which he gave to the revenge of his dearest *Agnes*.

Such was the deplorable end of the unfortunate Love of *Don Pedro* of *Portugal*, and of the fair *Agnes de Castro*, whose remembrance, he faithfully preserv'd in his heart even upon the Throne, to which he mounted by the right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.

F I N I S.